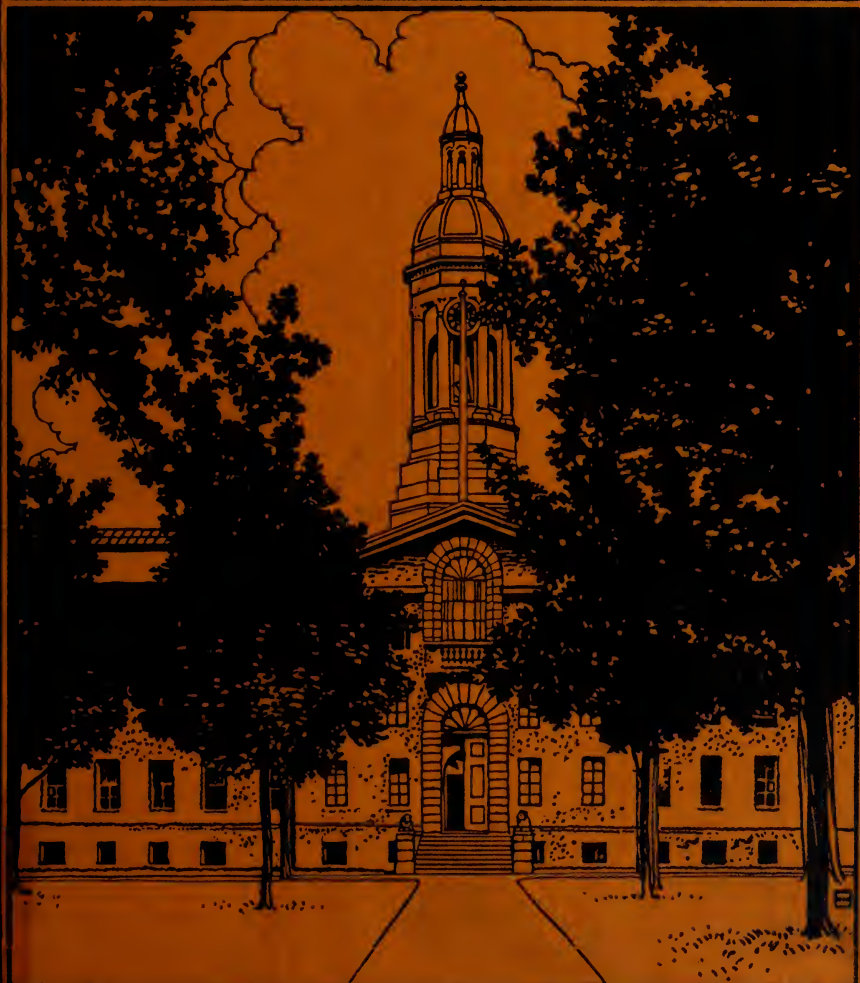


CARMINA PRINCETONIA



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SENIOR SINGING

CARMINA PRINCETONIA

THE PRINCETON SONG BOOK

SIXTEENTH EDITION

EDITED BY A UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE

ERNEST CARTER, '88, CHAIRMAN

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

G. SCHIRMER

NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43^d ST. . BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

1914

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TO THE
PRINCETON GLEE CLUB
AND TO
THE ALUMNI AND STUDENTS
OF
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED

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EDITORS' NOTE

While the present edition of *Carmina Princetonia* appears in a new and more attractive form than heretofore, it is to the still greater changes between the covers that the Editorial Board desires to call special attention.

From the composition of the Board, a jury representing several college generations has been secured. In the adoption of new songs, the reinstatement of former favorites and the elimination of those which seem to have outlived present significance, its decisions may therefore be considered as reasonably catholic.

A number of new songs have been suggested, for some of which the Editors, to their regret, were unable to secure the publishing rights. Despite this difficulty, some twenty-two songs now appear in the *Carmina* for the first time, including an increased number of national songs and *Alma Mater* songs of other colleges. In general, the scope of the *Carmina Princetonia* may be said to have been considerably broadened and planned to cover a more comprehensive field of usefulness than formerly. To the publishers, composers and authors who have so kindly granted the permissions which have made this possible, the Editors take this occasion to express their own appreciation and the gratitude of the Princeton public.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that college songs book are not used as much as formerly for male quartet or chorus, in the strict sense. On the other hand, there is an increased use of such books at general social gatherings and a consequent wider popularity and enjoyment of college music. Recognizing this, the Editors have continued and extended a practice which appears to be unique with this song book, namely, of writing male-voice arrangements in a way to make them available also for mixed voices or piano accompaniment, the melody appearing in the uppermost part.

In preparing this edition, the Editors have devoted much time and consideration to the threefold problem of selecting songs, of standardizing arrangements of the leading songs of the University, and of correcting throughout both text and music, to the end that the new *Carmina* may be faithfully representative of the Princeton of to-day; but they are none the less sensible of the fact that no edition of a college song book can be wholly final. The coöperation of every Princetonian should, therefore, be enlisted in the effort to secure for the University a model collection of typical songs. All suggestions as to Campus usage, form of arrangements, typographical errors, etc., etc., will be gladly received and given due attention by the Board, but in order to be available for the next edition they should be submitted early. This is particularly essential in the case of new songs, owing to copyright claims and other considerations. Several songs proposed for this edition could not be obtained because of the brief time allowed, but it may be possible to include these in the next edition if their present popularity remains unimpaired.

Princeton has been justly distinguished for its college singing, and the Editors will feel amply repaid for their pains if this book shall contribute to the joys of undergraduate life and serve as an incentive to maintaining Princeton's reputation as a singing college.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD

Ernest Carter, '88, *Chairman*

Lewis Frederic Pease, '95

Kenneth S. Clark, '05

F. Hamilton Dyckman, '14

June, 1, 1914.

CARMINA PRINCETONIA

CARMINA PRINCETONIA.

OLD NASSAU.

Words by H. P. PECK. '62.

Music by KARL A. LANGLOTZ.

For Mixed Voices.

Animoso.

1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with-draw;
2. Let mu - sic rule the fle-t - ing hour,— Her man - tle round us draw;
3. No flow - 'ry chap-let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay;

Let all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of Old Nas - sau.
And thrill each heart with all her pow'r, In praise of Old Nas - sau.
The gems that spark - le in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way.

Chorus.

Più presto.

In praise of Old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!
In praise of Old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! etc.
Shall nev - er pass a - way, my boys, Hur - rah! etc.

molto rit. al fine.

Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for Old Nas - sau!

4 And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of Old Nassau.
Cho.—In praise of Old Nassau, etc.

5 Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to Old Nassau.
Cho.—Long life to Old Nassau, etc.

OLD NASSAU.

Words by H. P. PECK, '62.

Glee Club Arrangement.*

Music by KARL A. LANGLOTZ.

Arranged by ERNEST CARTER.

Animoso.

1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with-draw; Let
 2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour, Her man - tle round us draw; And
 3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The
 4. And when these walls in dust are laid, With rev - er - ence and awe An -
 5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring, And while a breath we draw, We'll

accel.

all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
 thrill each heart with all her pow'r, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
 gems that spark - le in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way:
 oth - er throng shall breathe our song, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
 all u - nite to shout and sing: Long life to Old Nas - sau:

Chorus.

(Melody in I. Tenor.)

† In praise of Old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

Più mosso.

Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for Old Nas - sau!

* The melody is in the II. Tenor, except where, as indicated, it passes temporarily to I. Tenor.

† Last verse, "Long life to"—

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TRIANGLE SONG.

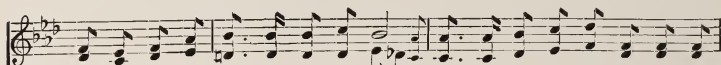
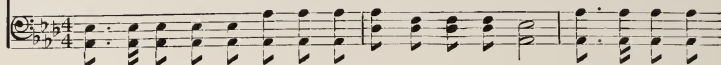
* Mixed or Male Voices.

Words by HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., '73

Music by permission of S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



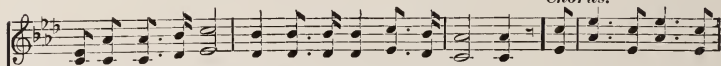
1. Sing a song to - geth - er, boys! we'll sing it loud and clear, Sing it with a
2. Well the old Tri - an - gle knew the mu - sic of our tread, How the peace-ful
3. Yes, and there are maid-ens, too, that heard our foot-steps beat, When the moon-light
4. Arm in arm to - geth - er, boys! we've wan-der'd thro' the night, Steps and song in
5. When we take our fi - nal walk thro' this old clas-sic town, Though our voic - es



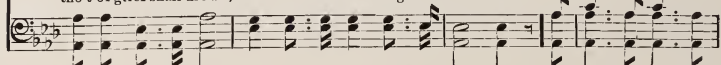
heart-y will, and voic - es full of cheer; Sing it as we used to sing way
Sem - i - nole would trem - ble in his bed! How the gates were left un-hing'd, the
shone a - long the still, de - sert - ed street; We woke for them the ech - oes with our
u - ni - son, and ev - 'ry heart was light, Read - y for a ser - e - nade, a
trem - ble and our spir - its may be down, Still this sound-ing cho - rus ev - 'ry



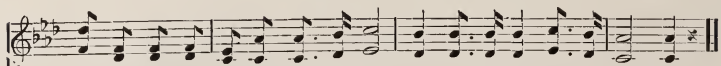
Chorus.



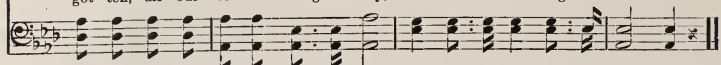
back in Freshman year, While we were marching thro' Princet-on.
lamps, without a head, While we were marching thro' Princet-on.
ser - e - nad-ing sweet, While we were marching thro' Princet-on. } Nas-sau! Nas-sau! Ring
horn-spre - e or a fight, While we were marching thro' Princet-on.
tho't of grief shall drown, While we are marching thro' Princet-on.



out the cho - rus free— Nas-sau! Nas-sau! Thy jol - ly sons are we, Oh! caress shall be for -



got - ten, all our sor - rows flung a - way, While we are marching thro' Princet-on.



* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass; Bass = II. Bass. Excepting at the words "Nassau! Nassau!" in the Chorus, where Soprano = I. Tenor; Alto = I. Bass; Tenor = II. Tenor.

THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK.

* Mixed or Male Voices.

Words by CLARENCE B. MITCHELL, '89.

Tune—SADIE RAY.
Arranged by ERNEST CARTER.

1. Al-though Yale has al-ways fa-vored The . . vi-o-let's dark blue, And the man-y
2. Thro' the four long years of col-lege, 'Midst the scenes we know so well, As the mys-tic
3. When the cares of life o'er-take us, Mingling fast our locks with grey, Should our dear-est

sons of Har-vard To the crim-son rose are true, We will own the lil-ies
charm to knowl-edge We . . vain-ly seek to spell; Or, we win ath-let-ic
hopes be-tray us, False. For-tune fall a-way, Still we'll ban-ish care and

slen-der, Nor . . hon-or shall they lack, While the Ti-ger stands de-fend-er Of the
vic-t'ries On the foot-ball-field or track, Still we work for dear old Prince-ton, And the
sad-ness As we turn our mem-ries back, And re-call those days of glad-ness 'Neath the

accel. *a tempo.*
(Or-ange and the Black. We will own the lil-ies slen-der, Nor . . hon-or shall they
Or-ange and the Black. Or, we win ath-let-ic vic-t'ries On the foot-ball-field or
Or-ange and the Black. Still we'll ban-ish care and sad-ness As we turn our mem-ries

rit.
lack, While the Ti-ger stands de-fend-er Of the Or-ange and the Black.
track, Still we work for dear old Prince-ton, And the Or-ange and the Black.
back, And re-call those days of glad-ness 'Neath the Or-ange and the Black.

* Soprano = I. Bass ; Alto = I. Tenor (sing at actual pitch) ; Tenor = II. Tenor ; Bass = II. Bass. (I. Tenor and I. Bass exchange parts in the *accelerando*.)

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STEPS SONG.

Male Voices.

Words and Music by ERNEST CARTER, '88.

Moderato.

mp

1. Our loft - y elms so gen - tly break The twi - light crescent moon's soft light,

mp

Old Nas - sau's ti - gers slow a - wake; The Sen - iors hold the steps to - night.

f

p. poco staccato.

glow - ing pipes their in - cense sweet In wreath - ing gar - lands, garlands bring,

Our glow - ing pipes their incense sweet... In wreath - ing gar - lands bring,...

Sempre marc.

mf

p.

glow - ing pipes their in - cense sweet In wreath - ing gar - lands, garlands bring,

mf

To van - ish at the god - dess' feet— To Al - ma Ma - ter sing!

mf

2 The bell clangs eight! our voices cease,
And twilight charm gives way to night.
The once thronged Campus, now in peace,
Lies dark and empty in our sight.
But still, content, we tarry here,
Again our voices ring;
Once more, before our closing cheer,
To Alma Mater sing!

3 The steps, deserted now, we leave;
Class-ivy, marble sentries white,
Glare sternly as our voices cleave
The sacred stillness of the night
Step softly, boys! this hour should be
For alumni ghosts their songs to bring.
Hark! shades of mightier sons than we
To Alma Mater sing!

NOTE —The closing chord of the last verse should die away and swell again into the opening chord of *Integer Vitae*, in the same key, one verse of which should be sung by a concealed quartet, when possible.

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INTEGER VITÆ.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.
An ode of Horace.

Male Voices.

F. F. FLEMING (1778-1813).

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ sce - le - ris - que pu - rus
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas,

Non e - get Mau - - ris ja - cu - lis, nec
Si - ve fac - tu - - rus per in - hos - pi -

ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis, gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fa - bu - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.



THE STEPS OF NASSAU HALL

PHOTO BY ROSE

STEPS SONG.

Mixed Voices.

Words and Music by ERNEST CARTER, '88.

Moderato.

mp

1. Our loft - y elms so gen - tly break The twi - light crescent moon's soft light,

mp

Old Nas - sau's ti - gers slow a - wake; The Sen - iors hold the steps to - night.

p

glow - ing pipes their incense sweet, In wreath - ing gar - lands, garlands bring,
Our glow - ing pipes their incense sweet, In wreath - ing gar - lands bring,

marc. *mf*

glow - ing pipes their incense sweet, In wreath - ing gar - lands, garlands bring,

mf

To van - ish at the god - dess' feet— To Al - ma Ma - ter sing!

mf

2 The bell clangs eight, our voices cease,
And twilight charm gives way to night.
The once thronged Campus, now in peace,
Lies dark and empty in our sight.
But still, content, we tarry here,
Again our voices ring;
Once more, before our closing cheer,
To Alma Mater sing!

3 The steps, deserted now, we leave;
Class-ivy, marble sentries white,
Glare sternly as our voices cleave
The sacred stillness of the night.
Step softly, boys! this hour should be
For alumni ghosts their songs to bring.
Hark! shades of mightier sons than we
To Alma Mater sing!

NOTE.—The closing chord of the last verse should die away and swell again into the opening chord of *Integer Vitae*, the same key, one verse of which should be sung by a concealed quartet, when possible. (*Integer Vitae*, p. 7.)

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PRINCETON DAYS.

Male Voices.

Words by BOOTH TARKINGTON, '93.

Music by L. F. PEASE, '95.

p

1. Soft - ly the i - vies en - wrap the old walls, . . Soft - ly de -
2. Deep is the bell - tone from Old . North tow'r, . . Brave is its
3. Bend - ing a - bove us, the elms hear our song, . . Sound - ing at

pp

cres - cen - do.

scend - ing the elm shad - ow falls, . . Stone . and sward and
peal . in the vic - to - ry hour, . Loud - ly ex - ult - ing rings
e - ven - tide . . mel - low and strong; Dreams in the af - - ter

dim.

leaf - y way . Slum - b'ring in . . the sum - mer day; Still are the
out . . its call, . Sound - ing the tri - umphs of Nas - sau Hall. *mf* Ech - o - ing
days . shall bring Voic - es dear, and the songs they sing; *f* Call - ing our

cres - cen - do. *ff marcato.*

shades where once bat - tle rolled, Fair . is Prince - ton, hale and old.
far, . . and true and clear, An - swers the ring - ing Prince - ton cheer.
hearts, tho' the years be long, Back to old Prince - ton, youth and song.

PRINCETON DAYS.

Mixed Voices.

Words by BOOTH TARKINGTON, '93.

Music by L. F. PEASE, '95.

p

1. Soft - ly the i - vies en - wrap the old walls, Soft - ly de -
 2. Deep is the bell - tone from Old . . North tow'r, Brave is its
 3. Bend - ing a - bove us the elms hear our song! Ring - ing at

cres - cen - do.

scend - ing the elm shad - ow falls— Stone and sward and
 peal . . in the vic - to - ry hour, . Loud - ly ex - ult - ing rings
 e - ven - tide . mel - low and strong; Dreams in the af - ter

dim.

leaf - y way. . . Slum - b'ring in the sum - mer day: Still are the
 out its call, . . Sound - ing the tri - umphs of Nas - sau Hall. Ech - o - ing
 days shall bring . . Voic - es dear, and the songs they sing; Call - ing our

cres - cen - do. *f* *ff marcato.*

shades where once bat - tle rolled, Fair . is Prince - ton, hale and old.
 far . . and true and clear, An - swers the ring - ing Prince - ton cheer.
 hearts, tho' the years be long, Back to old Prince - ton, youth and song.



CLEVELAND TOWER, GRADUATE SCHOOL

PHOTO BY ROSE

THE TRIPLE CHEER.

A PARTING SONG.

Words and Music by ANDREW F. WEST, '74.

Alla marcia.

mf

f

p

1. Here's a "ti - ger!" Here's to Nas - sau Hall! Here's to
 2. Now then, fel - lows, hands all 'round a - gain! Hearts and
 3. Cheers for all who stand with us to - day, Tears for

Prince- ton, fair - est spot of all! Here's the one place on this earthly ball!
 voic - es swell the parting strain Till the ech - oes an - swer our re - frain!
 those we lost a - long the way, Then to i - vies, elms and tow - ers gray

Chorus of Male Voices.

Here's a rip-ping trip-le cheer for Prince - ton! }
 Here's a rip-ping trip-le cheer for Prince - ton! } Prince-ton! Prince-ton! Ev - 'ry fel-low
 With a rip-ping trip-le cheer for Prince - ton! }

sing! Ev - 'ry ech - o ring!..... Far a - way, we'll

leave our hearts to stay. Ev - er and for ev - er in old Prince - ton! ton!

1-2. V 3.

mf

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a chorus of male voices, likely from a musical theater production. The score is written for a vocal part and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal part begins with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a quarter note (C5), then a half note (D5), and a quarter note (E5). The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a quarter-note pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Here's a rip-ping trip-le cheer for Prince - ton! Prince-ton! Prince-ton! Ev - 'ry fel-low'. The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The first ending leads back to the beginning of the chorus, and the second ending leads to a final cadence. The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment throughout.

mf *molto cresc.* *f*

ff *S:* Here's to Nas-sau Hall!... Here's to Nas-sau Hall!...

ff *ff* *ff*

fff (a little slower.) *Instruments alone repeat pp from S: to end. a tempo.*

Here's to Nas-sau Hall!... Here's to Prince-ton!

fff (a little slower.) *fff* *f a tempo.* *ff*

BALL GAME VERSE.

By PAXTON HIBBEN, '03.

Here they are, the men from Yale once more,
 Come to try to make a winning score.
 We will show them what they've seen before.
 Cheer the men who'll do the trick for Princeton.
 Princeton, Princeton, all along the line,
 Let the echoes ring!
 Cheer the team, their game is mighty fine.
 Give a locomotive cheer for Princeton.

(Follow with a "locomotive.")

GOING BACK TO NASSAU HALL.

KENNETH S. CLARK, '05.

Tempo di Marcia.

(With marching rhythm.)

1. When the sons of Prince - ton Gath - er an - y - where,.....
 2. Let's go back to Prince - ton At Com-mence-ment time,.....
 3. They are great at base - - ball Down at Prince - ton - town,.....

There's a place they think of, Long - ing to be there.....
 Sam - ple each re - un - - ion: That's the life for mine!.....
 And like - wise in foot - - ball They have won re - nown.....

It's the one and on - ly U - ni - ver - si - ty,.....
 Ram - ble round the cam - pus, Full of jol - li - ty,.....
 Soon we'll see them win - ning One more vic - to - ry,.....

Sit - u - at - ed and cel - e - brat - ed In New Jer - - see,
 Our lo - ca - tion for cel - e - bra - tion Is New Jer - - see,
 And bon - fires burn - ing when we're re - turn - ing To New Jer - - see,

Refrain. back,..... go - ing back,.....

1-3. Go - ing go - ing back, go - ing back, Go - ing

Go - ing

back to Nas - sau Hall, Nas - sau Hall,

back,..... go - ing back,..... go - ing back, go - ing back To the best old

place of all, best place of all, Go - ing back,..... go - ing go - ing back,

back.....

go - ing back From all this earth - ly ball,.....

..... We'll clear the track as we go back, Go - ing

back to Nas - sau Hall..... Go - ing Hall.....

Dedicated to the Alumni of Princeton University.

PRINCETON—THAT'S ALL.

Tempo di Marcia.

Words and Music by KENNETH S. CLARK, '05.

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time, marked *Tempo di Marcia*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed below the first measure of the bass staff.

Maziale.

1. Once there was a wee small col - lege In the wilds of New Jer -
2. Ram - ble to the tried and true town, Down by Lake Car - neg - ie's

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the vocal lines for two parts and the piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf staccato* (mezzo-forte, staccato) is placed below the first measure of the piano part.

sey;
side;

Now they serve all kinds of knowl - edge,
You will find it such a new town,

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It features the final vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a series of chords in the right hand and a descending line in the left hand.

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It's a u - ni - ver - si - ty. Tho' we're proud of all the pro - gress
That you'll need a Cook's Tour guide. Tho' you ghee at those new build - ings,

Of the Or - ange and the Black, In these "sol - id gold" days We're
Built as if by mag - ic spell, How your heart is beat - ing, As

long - ing for the old days, "As we turn our mem - o - ries back."
once a - gain you're meet - ing All the scenes you loved so well.

Chorus. For mixed or male* voices.*f* *Con spirito.*

1-2. Prince-ton, old Prince-ton, Here's a health to Ti - ger - land!
 3. Wood - row, oh Wood - row, He's the man that turned the trick.
 4. Hib - ben, Jack Hib - ben, He's a man who's on the square.

p-f (3)

Prince-ton, old Prince-ton, Here's to all the Ti - ger band!
 Wood-row, oh Wood-row, Goin' to have a new big stick.
 Hib - ben, Jack Hib - ben, In a pres - i - den - tial chair.

(3)

* For male voices, Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

Prince-ton, old Princeton, Give a cheer for Nas - sau Hall;
 Wood-row, oh Wood-row, He's the man from Nas - sau Hall So
 Hib - ben, Jack Hib - ben, May the White House nev - er call;

Come fill your glass - es up to Prince-ton — that's all! all!
 come fill the White House up with Wil - son, — that's all! all!
 He was meant for pres - i - dent of Prince-ton, — that's all! all!

THE GUARD OF OLD NASSAU.

(THE CHORUS "ONLY.")

J. F. HEWITT, '07, and A. H. OSBORN, '07.

Tempo di marcia (animato).

(Drums)

Oh here they

f

Sra bassa

come with life and drum, They are march - ing

f

down the street, You'll hear the cry "To do or

die," They are . . . the team that can't be beat. (They

spoken.

are!) So give a cheer, a lust - y cheer, And let the

ech - o of it roar. With the tramp, tramp,

tramp, And the stamp, stamp, stamp, Of the guard

of Old Nas - ¹ sau! Oh, here they ² sau!



BROKAW FIELD

GOOD-BYE, ELI!

Air—"GOOD-BYE, DOLLY GREY."

Good - bye, E - li, we must leave you Far be - hind us in the score,

The first system of the musical score for 'GOOD-BYE, ELI!'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are 'Good - bye, E - li, we must leave you Far be - hind us in the score,'.

Some-thing tel's me it will grieve you, And will make you might - y sore.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'Some-thing tel's me it will grieve you, And will make you might - y sore.'.

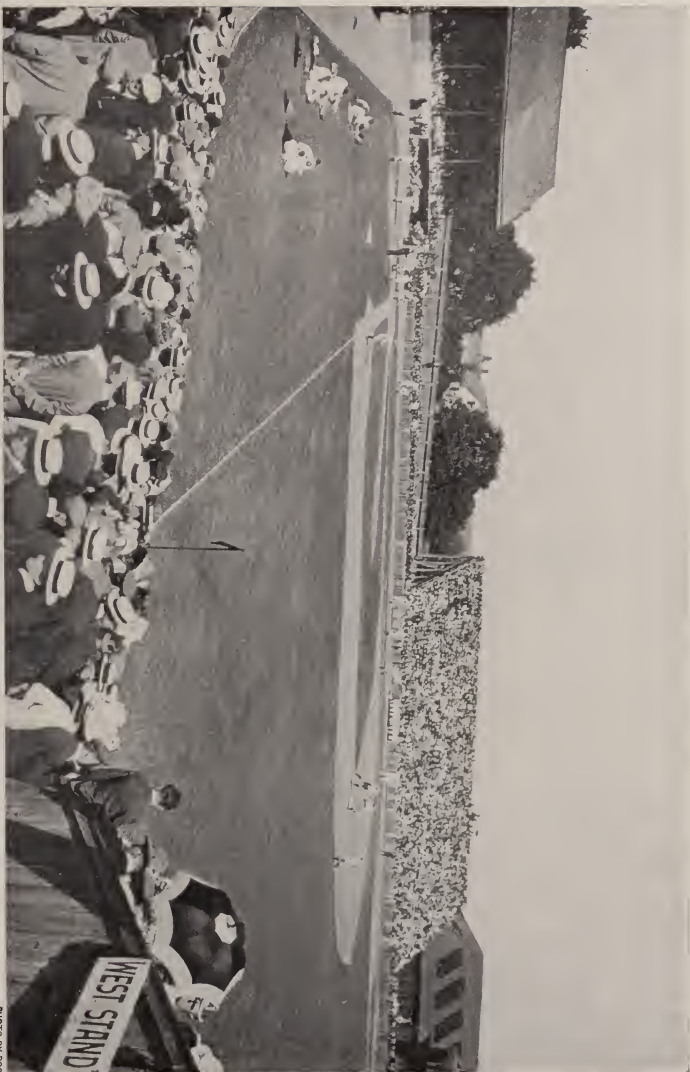
"Safe!" we hear the um-pire call - ing; 'Tis the same un - chang - ing tale,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics '"Safe!" we hear the um-pire call - ing; 'Tis the same un - chang - ing tale,'.

Sva.

Prince - ton men are on the bas - es: Good-bye! Hard luck! Yale!

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'Prince - ton men are on the bas - es: Good-bye! Hard luck! Yale!'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.



BASEBALL GAME ON OSBORN FIELD

PHOTO BY ROSE

HERE COME THE ELIS!

Mixed or * Male Voices.

Tune—MY ANN ELIZER.

Words by L. IRVING REICHNER, '94.

MALCOLM WILLIAMS.

Lively.

Here come the E - lis! We'll give them a sur-prise; O - pen wide

f

f

ff

both their eyes - Teach them base - ball. Oh, Prince-ton can nev - er fail;

ff

Can'ttwist the Ti - ger's tail! We are from old Nas - sau! Oh! oh, sau!

1 2

1 2

* Soprano = I. Bass; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = II. Tenor.

By per. SHAPIRO, BERNSTEIN & Co.



THE CANNON

PHOTO BY ROSE

Dedicated to the Class of 1907.

THE PRINCETON CANNON SONG MARCH.

J. F. HEWITT, '07, and A. H. OSBORN, '07.

f

8va.

In Prince - ton - town we've

8va bassa.

got a team That knows the way to play,..... With

Prince - ton spir - it back of them, They're sure to win the

day..... With cheers and song we'll ral - ly round The

can - non as of yore,..... And Nas - sau's walls will

ech o with The Prince - ton Ti - ger's roar. *fz*

mf-f Crash through the line of blue,..... And send the backs on round the

end,..... Fight! fight! for ev - ry yard,.....

(spoken.)

Prince - ton's hon - or to de - fend. 'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! Ti - ger!

Siss! Boom! ah!..... And lo - co - mo - tives by the score,..... For we'll

fight with a vim, That is dead sure to win For old Nas -

1
sau. ff sau.....

2 FINE.



PRINCETON JUNGLE MARCH.*

KENNETH S. CLARK, '05.



'Way down in old New Jer-sey, In that far-off juu-gle

 The first line of the song is set in 2/4 time, B-flat major. It includes a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

land, There lives a Prince-ton Ti-ger, Who will eat right off your hand. But

 The second line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with the right hand playing chords that support the vocal line.

when he gets in bat-tle With the oth-er beasts of prey, He fright-ens them al-

 The third line of the song concludes the visible portion of the music. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic drive, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

* Copyright, 1905, by THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY. Used by permission; the above being only that portion of the composition which is used as a ball-game song by the undergraduates. The complete composition is published by THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY for piano, band, and orchestra.

most to death, In this pe - cu - liar way: Wow, wow, wow-wow-wow,

Hear the Ti - ger roar; Wow, wow, wow-wow-wow, Roll - ing up a

score. Wow, wow, wow-wow-wow, Bet - ter move a - long,

When you hear the Ti - ger Sing his jun - gle song. song.

RAMBLE SONG.

Words by KENNETH S. CLARK, '05.

Music by WILL HANDY.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto*. It begins with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

The vocal entry is in 6/8 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is *Allegretto*. The lyrics are: "1. Prince-ton has a Ti - ger With 2. The Ti - ger plays at foot - ball With". The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic is mezzo-piano (*p*).

The vocal entry is in 6/8 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is *Allegretto*. The lyrics are: "long and shag - gy hair;..... And E - li has a bull - dog-They vig - or, force and vim;..... And in the game of base - ball Old". The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic is mezzo-piano (*p*).

The vocal entry is in 6/8 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is *Allegretto*. The lyrics are: "are a dan - dy pair;..... When these two get to - geth - er To Yale is pie for him;..... The fa - mous E - li bull - dog Will". The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic is mezzo-piano (*p*).

have a lit - tle scrap,..... Just watch the Ti - ger swift - ly push The
soon be in the soup,..... A - gain we'll see the Ti - ger make The

Chorus.

bull - dog off the map. } And then he will ram - - - ble,
bull - dog loop the loop. }

ram - - - ble,..... He'll ram - ble through the line,

First down ev - 'ry time; And then he will ram - - - ble,

ram - - - ble; The way we'll beat Old E - li will be

1. (Shouted.) (Shouted.) fine. 'Rah! 'Rah! And then he will fine. 2.

YALE, YALE, YOU CAN'T PLAY BALL.

Allegro marziale.

Air from "The Pirates of Penzance"
by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Yale, Yale, you can't play ball. What the deuce do we care? What the deuce do we care?

Yale, Yale, you can't play ball. What the deuce do we care now?



YALE-PRINCETON FOOTBALL GAME ON OSBORN FIELD, 1912

THERE'S A COLLEGE THEY CALL PRINCETON.

Air—A paraphrase of "BABY MINE," etc.

There's a col - lege they call Prince-ton, in New Jer - see, Where they

play a game of foot ball, as you can see. And its "Rush'em thro' the cen - tre" and

"Run'em 'round the ends," With a Ti-ger and three times three, Rah!rah!rah!rah! There's a

three. Ev-'ry cheer in the crowd was for Princeton, Hooray! And the Tiger and three times three.

(shouted.)

Then we'll cheer long and loud for old Princeton, Hoo-ray! And the boys from New Jer-see.



PHOTO BY ROSE

PREPARING FOR A CHAMPIONSHIP BONFIRE OVER THE CANNON

COME, FILL YOUR GLASSES UP.

37

Mixed Voices.

Words by L. IRVING REICHNER, '94.

Gai - ly we, hap - py and free, Roam o'er the coun - try with jol - li - ty,

Sing - ing our song as we roll.. a - long. Here's to old Princeton, jol - ly old

Prince - ton, Three cheers for Prince - ton, heart - y and strong; so Come, fill your

glass - es up to Princeton. Princeton, Princeton! Come, drain a lov - ing cup to

Prince - ton, Prince - ton, Prince - ton! We'll drink our wine to - night; Smile thro' our

tear - dimmed sight, so Come, fill your glass - es up to Princeton, Princeton, Princeton!

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NEW JERSEE.

Words by C. W. Kase, '72.

1. There is an an-cient Fac-ul-ty, most an-cient in re-nown, That
2. The town is full of tal-i-ent, and la-ger beer sa-loons, The

rules an an-cient Col-lege built in an an-cient town, The town is in the in-land, far
boys sometimes get hard up and pawn their pan-ta-loons; But this thing sel-dom hap-pens, the

from ye an-cient sea, A-bout the mid-dle of the State of New Jer-see.
rea-son you shall see, We al-ways bor-row when we're "short" in New Jer-see.

Sra.:

- 3 We spend our leisure moments beside ye ancient girls,
All powdered up and modernized by *chignons*, rouge, and curls;
They always smash our hearts, although it strange may be,
The same girls smashed our fathers' hearts in New Jersee.
- 4 We spend four years in study, and we go with startling speed
On the precious little pony, which he who rides must read.
If we get through our finals, we take the proud degree
Of "Baccalaureus Artium" in New Jersee.

PRINCETON WARBLE.

Words by FREDERICK EVANS, '86.

Male Voices.

Music ad. fr. "Der Wasserfall."
(Tyrolese.)

SOLO. WARBLE.

1. O'er the Cam-pus fair Breathes the gen-tle air, Tra la la la la la!.....
2. Let the Cam-pus ring With the songs we sing, Tra la la la la la la!.....

CHORUS.

La la la la la la, etc.

SOLO. WARBLE.

Of the heart-y song, From our jol-ly throng, Tra la la la la la la!
From the steps of North Hear the songs go forth, Tra la la la la la la!

SOLO. WARBLE.

Years shall come and pass, Class shall fol-low class, Tra la la la la la la!....
Jol-ly stu-dents we, Full of mel-o-dy, Tra la la la la la la!....

SOLO. WARBLE.

But fair Princeton's fame Ev-er will re-main, Tra la la la la la la!
Let us one and all Praise old Nau-sau Hall, Tra la la la la la la!

HERE'S TO NASSAU HALL.

Mixed Voices.

Tune—BINGO.

1. Here's to Nas-sau Hall, drink her down! drink her down! Here's to Nas-sau Hall, drink her

down! drink her down! Here's to Nas-sau Hall, for she's bul-ly at base-ball, Drink her

down, drink her down, drink her down! down! down! Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,

Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad! 'way down on the Bin-go farm.

We won't go there an-y more, We won't go there an-y more, We

won't go there an-y more! 'Way down on the Bin-go farm. Bin-go! Bin-go! Bin-go!



NASSAU HALL TOWER
By the Light of a Championship Bonfire

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY R. H. ROSE AND SON

FINE. *Spoken, D.S. to Fine.*

Bin-go! Bin-go! Bin-go! Bin-go! Bin-go! 'Way down on the Bin-go farm. B! I! N! G! O!

2 Here's to Princeton College,
For it's there you get your knowledge.

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD PRINCETON.

Allegro moderato.

Male Voices.

Tune—HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

1. It's a way we have at old Prince-ton, It's a way we have at old
Cho.—For . . we are jol-ly good fel-lows, For . . we are jol-ly good

FINE.

Prince-ton, It's a way we have at old Prince-ton, To drive dull care a-way.
fel-lows, For . we are jol-ly good fel-lows, Which no-bod-y can de-ny.

D.C. al Fine.

To drive dull care a-way, . . To drive dull care a-way;

2 We think it is no sin, sir,
To rope the freshmen in, sir;
And ease them of their tin, sir,
To drive dull care away.

3 And we won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

Andante. (*Sung at the end of the last verse.*)

Tune—AMERICA

So say we all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all; So say we
all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all.

RUM-SKE-HO.

Male Voices.

SOLO. **Chorus.**

1. A beg-gar-man laid him down to sleep; Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho,
 2. Two thieves came rid-ing by that way, Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho,
 3. They stole his wal-let, they stole his staff; Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho,

A beg-gar-man laid . . him down to sleep, By the banks of the
Two thieves came rid-ing by that way, And they came to the
They stole . . his wal-let, they stole his staff, And . . then set . .

rit.

Mer-sey . . dark . . and deep; Rum-ske-ho, . . . Rum-ske-ho.
place where the beg-gar-man lay; Rum-ske-ho, . . . Rum-ske-ho.
up a . . . great . . hoarse laugh; Rum-ske-ho, . . . Rum-ske-ho.

4 ♪: As I was passing by Newgate stairs,
 Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho, :||
 As I was passing by Newgate stairs,
 I heard those two thieves saying their prayers,
 Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho.

5 ♪: As I was riding by Tyburn Hill,
 Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho, :||
 As I was riding by Tyburn Hill,
 I saw those two thieves hanging there still,
 Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho.

LOVING-CUP SONG.

Mixed Voices.

Moderato.

Here's to you, Tom Brown! Here's to you, my jo-vial friend! And we'll drink be-fore we

part, for sake of com-pa-ny, We'll drink be-fore we part. Here's to you, Tom Brown!

WHISKEY - STILL.

JAMES BARNES, '91

R. T. TOWNSEND, '90.

1. There's a whis-key-still on the top of the hill, And I think, as we home-ward roll,
2. The... smoke curls high a - gainst the... sky, And the peat burns bright be - low;
3. There's a maid lives there with a face as... fair As the ros - es... on the hill,
4. When... we leave there, we... leave all... care, And a - ban-don... ev - 'ry ill;

'Twixt you and me we will both a - gree To... stop and.. have a bowl.
From each win - dow bright there comes a light, And a whiff of the I - rish dew.
And her fig - ure's trim, so... tall and slim, And her fa - ther.. keeps the still.
We'll drink a toast to our ge - nial host, And.. one to the whis - key - still.

Chorus.

For the in-cense fair it scents the air, And I think, 'twixt you.. and me,

As home we roll, we'll have a bowl Of the real old I - rish 'Skie.

* Accompaniment for piano or male voices. "Boom-la."


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VIVE LA NASSAU HALL.


Male Voices.

Tune — VIVE L'AMOUR.

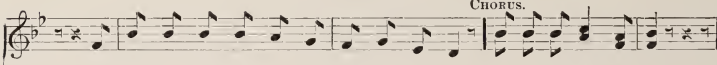
Allegro molto. *f* **CHORUS.**




1. Let ev-'ry good fel-low now fill up his glass, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall,
 2. Come fill up your glass-es, I'll give you a toast, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall,
 3. Since all with good hu-mor I've toast-ed so free, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall,



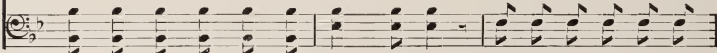
CHORUS.



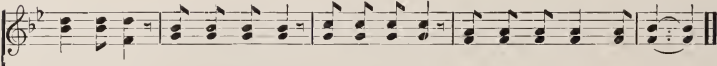
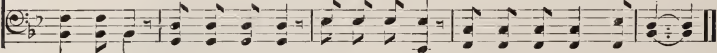
And drink to the health of his glo-ri-ous class, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall.
 Our col-lege, old Princeton, our pride and our boast, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall.
 I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi-ve la Nas-sau Hall.



ff Vi-ve la, vi-ve la Nas-san Hall, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la

Nas-san Hall, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve la Nas-san Hall.

"OH! WE'LL WHOOP HER UP FOR —."

* Mixed or Male Voices.

Alla marcìa.

I. BASS.
I. TENOR
(actual pitch).

Oh! we'll whoop her up For [Class numeral], We'll whoop her up a - gain! We'll

II. TENOR.
II. BASS.

whoop her up For [Class numeral] A jol - ly set of men! Oh! we'll whoop her up For

[Class numeral], We'll whoop her up a - gain, With a ti - ger, Siss boom

Faster. (♩ = ♪.)

ah!..... 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Siss boom ah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!

boom ah!

Siss boom ah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Siss boom ah! With a ti - ger, Siss boom ah!

D. C. ad lib.

* For male voices, pitch in F, if I. Tenor part is too high.

COME, SENIORS, COME.

By H. P. PECK, '62.

Mixed Voices.

Tune—AULD LANG SYNE.

Andante.

1. Come, Sen - iors, come, and fill your pipes, Your rich - est in - cense raise; Let's
2. We'll crown the can - non with a cloud, We'll cel - e - brate its praise, Re -

1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should

take a smoke, a part - ing smoke, For good old by - gone days!
call - ing its old smok - ing song Of good old by - gone days!

ould ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus.

For dear old Nas - sau Hall we'll smoke, And good old by - gone days! We'll

For auld . . lang . . syne, my dear, For auld . . lang . . syne; We'll

take a smoke, a part - ing smoke, For good old by - gone days!

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld . . lang . . syne.

3 We'll smoke to those we leave behind,
In devious college ways;
We'll smoke to songs we've sung before,
In good old by-gone days.—Cho.

4 Then let each smoking pipe be broke —
Hurrah for the coming days!
We'll take a march, a merry march,
To meet the coming days! — Cho.

AULD LANG SYNE.

2 And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Cho. For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

ALMA MATER, PRINCETON.

Dedicated to the Princeton Glee Club, 1893.

HENRY VAN DYKE, '78.

Male Voices.

Tune — LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Pitch in B \flat , when possible.

1. Hear the song we raise to thee, Al - ma Ma - ter, Prince - ton, Bring - ing joy - ful

Chorus.
praise to thee, Al - ma Ma - ter, Prince - ton. Fair, and full of fame thou art;

Pride of ev - 'ry loy - al heart; May thy glo - ry ne'er de - part, Al - ma Ma - ter, Princeton.

2 Long ago thy massy towers,
Alma Mater, Princeton,
Built by stronger hands than ours,
Alma Mater, Princeton,
Echoed to the cannon's knock;
Still they stand the ages' shock,
Founded on the living rock,
Alma Mater, Princeton.

3 City set upon a hill,
Alma Mater, Princeton,
Filled with light serene and still,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
We have lingered at thy shrine,
We have lit our lamps at thine,
Clear and steadfast may they shine,
Alma Mater, Princeton.

4 O how lightly passed our days,
Alma Mater, Princeton,
When we trod thy classic ways,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
Underneath thy spreading trees,
Worked, and played, and sat at ease,
Singing songs and merry glees,
Alma Mater, Princeton.

5 So we lift this song to thee,
Alma Mater, Princeton,
All our hearts belong to thee,
Alma Mater, Princeton;
Faithful ever, now and then,
Princeton boys and Princeton men,
Shout the chorus once again,
Alma Mater, Princeton.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum!
Fugit Eurocitis,
Tempus edax rerum!
Ubi sunt O pocula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixæ, pax et oscula,
Rubentis puellæ.

FACULTY SONG.

For Mixed or Male * Voices.

1. Here's to Hib - ben, they call him "Jack"! The whit - est man ... in
 2. Here's to Wood - row Wil - son who Cleaned up Taft ... and
 3. Here's to Pat - ton, Ex - Pres - i - dent! ... In the Sem. ... he's

all the Fac.; The Prince - ton spir - it he does not lack; Oh,
 Ted - dy too; So once a hun - dred years we'd nip The
 pitched his tent. For four - teen years .. he bossed this show; We're

Chorus.

here's to Hib - ben, they call him "Jack"! } A - way, a - way with sword and gun!
 Pres - i - den - tial cham - pion - ship.
 sor - ry that .. he had to go.

See them come, with a rub - by - dum - dum! (This is a line that were

bet - ter left "mum.") The Fac - ul - ty of Prince - ton Col - lege, oh!

* For male voices, Soprano = II. Tenor: Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.



PHOTO BY ROSE

BLAIR HALL

STAND BY YOUR GLASSES.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

The following poem was written many years ago, during the prevalence of the cholera in India, by an English officer, Capt. Darling, who himself shortly afterwards fell a victim to the dread scourge.

1. { We meet 'neath the sounding raft - er, And the walls a-round us are bare, As they
Then stand by your glass-es steady! We drink 'fore our com - rades' eyes, One

shout back our peals of laugh-ter, It seems as the dead were there;
cup to the dead al - read - y, Hur - rah for the next man that dies!

2 Not a sigh for the lost that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink,
We'll fall 'mid the wine cups' sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink;
Come, stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis this that the respite buys,
One cup for the dead already,
Hurrah for the next who dies!

3 Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrieks from the sable shore?
Where the haughty, restless yearning
Of the soul can sting no more:

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
This world is a world of lies,
One cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next who dies!

4 Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest are gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind;
Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize,
One cup for the dead already,
And one for the next who dies!

* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass. (Pitch in D⁷.)

WE STAND FOR THE LAST TIME TOGETHER.

By HENRY VAN DYKE, Class of 1873.

Air, — "Stand by your glasses."

1 We stand for the last time together,
Hand to hand, face to face, heart to heart;
A day may divide us forever,
We'll sing one more song ere we part.
As friends when the banquet is ending,
Stand closer to give one last cheer,
So to-night let our voices all blending,
Ring out our last song loud and clear.

2 Not one flower-garland is faded,
Each beaker with roses is drest;
Not a face at the banquet is jaded,
The last of the feast is the best.
Yet a shade falls across all the brightness,
From the wings of the hours flying past,
Every heart feels a weight on its lightness, —
The thought that the best is the last.

3 Each rose is a vanishing pleasure,
Which memory plucks to enfold
In her many-leaved book, as a treasure
More precious than jewels or gold.
Long after its color has perished,
Long after its freshness has flown,
The rose for its fragrance is cherished,
To tell of the days that are gone.

4 Here's a health to the hours departed, —
Farewell to our glad college years!
Here's a health to the future, — light hearted
We greet it in hope, not with fears.
One more, — 't is the last ere we sever!
Every voice in the chorus ring free!
Old Princeton, we'll love her forever, —
Here's a health, Alma Mater, to thee!

"JUST FOR PRINCETON."

Words by L. IRVING REICHNER, '94.

Music by REESE CASSARD.

8va.....

Moderato. *lco.*

f

1. They may talk of Yale girls pret - ty, Or of Har - vard maid - ens wit - ty,
 2. In the days of tour - neys roy - al, Maid - ens true, with hearts so loy - al,
 3. As the bat - tling hosts of France, 'Neath the Maid's in - spir - ing glance,

p

But the girl whom in our hearts we all a - dore,
 Wore the col - ors of the knights who broke the lance;
 Placed the lil - y far a - bove the crim - son rose,

Is the maid - en sweet and win - some, Who will swear by dear old Prince - ton,
 Joan of Arc, in fa - bled sto - ry, Won a place of fame and glo - ry
 May old Nas - sau's fame burn bright - er, And our hearts grow ev - er light - er,

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the vocal line is marked 'lco.' (likely for alto). The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some lines numbered 1, 2, and 3 to indicate different vocal parts or verses.

Copyright, 1897, by L. IRVING REICHNER.

And ne'er trem-bles when she hears the Ti-ger's roar; When the
By her bat-tles for the lil-ies white of France, But the
With a dear-er maid to lead a- gainst our foes; And thro'

Tempo di Valse.

ri - val cheers are strong... In her heart's the same old song..... I'm
maid we think di - vine,... Wears the Black and Or - ange twined..... She's
vic - t'ry or de - feat,... May we still her watch-word keep:..... I'm

Chorus.

Just for Prince - ton all the time, Oth - ers may fall a -

way;..... Wheth - er the sky is an or - ange

hue, Or blue, in a los - ing day.....

There she stands, while one fair hand Clasp the chrys -

an - - the - mum:..... In sun - shine and shade The

Ti - ger and maid, Still will de - fend old Prince - - ton.

PRINCETON CHORALE.

For Mixed or Male * Voices.

TENOR I.

Words and Music† by GEORGE E. SHEA, '86.

mf *Moderato*.



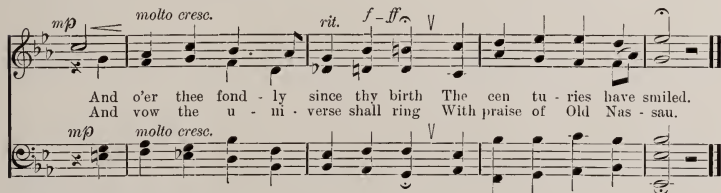
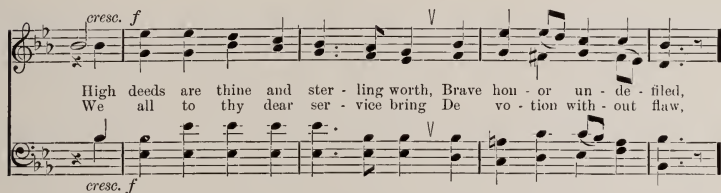
BASS I

1. Oh, Prince-ton! state-ly on the hill, Se-re-ne-ly great, a-part,
2. Fair Al-ma Ma-ter, all our lives Thy mag-ic charm at-test;

mf TENOR II.



BASS II.



* For male voices pitch in F or G♯.

† By permission of the Author.

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REUNION WORDS FOR THE PRINCETON CHORALE

By S. T. CARTER, '86.

1. By journeyings on land and sea
From far and near we come,
For there has sounded loud and clear
The call that brings us home.
2. Back to Old Nassau's vine-clad halls,
To scenes we love so well,
Where rest and cheer and mem'ries dear
Weave over us their spell.

CAMPUS SONG.

To Princeton University Glee Club.

Male Voices.

Words by SPENCER W. PHRANER, '09.

Music* by CHARLES EGBERT BURNHAM.

mf

1. When the night steals gen - tly o'er us, With its shad - ows dark and long
2. O'er the Cam - pus hush'd and si - lent Steals a sweet and mys - tic spell,

p (Humming.)

Sway - ing in the sil - ver moon - light, 'Tis the hour of eve - ning song;
And up - on the air come peal - ing The... tones of Old North bell;

p (Humming.)

When the Elms are gen - tly bend - ing, As they whis - per with the breeze,
When the lights are bright - ly shin - ing Thro' the black - ness of the trees,

p (Humming.)

*By permission of the Composer.

Copyright, 1908, by CHARLES EGBERT BURNHAM.

f 2d p. *cresc.* *ff rit.*

Then we hear the Cam - pus ech - o With the mu - sic of our glees.

f cresc. *ff rit.*

Chorus.*mf* 1ST TENOR.

2D TENOR.

1-2. When the night steals gen - tly o'er us, With its shad - ows dark and long,

mf 1ST BASS. (*Melody prominent.*)

2D BASS.

dim. *mf*

And the Elms are soft - ly whisp'ring, 'Tis the hour of eve-ning song;

dim. *mf*

of eve-ning song;

cresc. poco a poco.

We will sing of dear old Prince-ton, And loud the cho - rus raise;

cresc. poco a poco.

the cho - rus raise,

ff *rit.*

Then we'll cheer once more for Old Nau-sau, And the hap - py col - lege days.

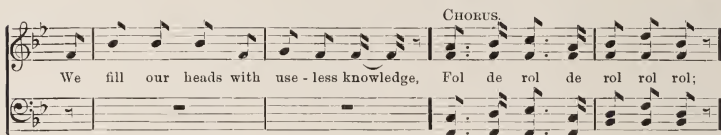
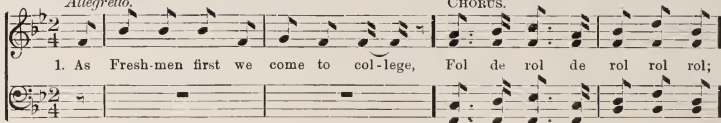
f *ff* *rit.*

NASSAU HALL.

Male Voices.

Allegretto.

CHORUS.



2 As Sophomores we have our task,
'Tis best performed by torch and mask.—CHO.

3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees.—CHO.

4 In Senior year we act our parts
In making love, and winning hearts.—CHO.

5 And then into the world we come,
We've made good friends, and studied—some.—CHO.

The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell.—CHO.

7 And then, till sun and moon shall fall,
We'll love and reverence Nassau Hall.—CHO.



LAKE CARNEGIE IN WINTER

PHOTO BY ROSE

THE TIGER-LILY.*

For Male Voices.

Words and Music by LOUIS C. WOODRUFF, '95.

Andantino.

mp

1. Love - ly flow'rs a - round us grow, Calm - ly nur - tured by the sun;
 2. Man - y glo - ries round thee shine, Em - blem of dear Prince-ton's name;
 3. When we bid these halls fare - well, When we strug - gle o'er life's way.

mp

Hap - py mo - ments cease - less flow, When the twi - light hour is come....
 In thy sim - ple form com - bine Col - ors long pre - served in fame;...
 Joy 'twill be to break the spell And re - call a bright - er day.....

p

Soft - ly blows the moon - lit breeze Thro' our elms, re - ver - ed trees;
 Wav - ing proud - ly in the air, They have raised the Ti - ger's lair:
 May the scenes which once we saw, Which in - spire with sa - cred awe

p

mf cresc.

Sing we in our joy - ful glees Of the love - ly Ti - ger - Lil - y.
 Where a sym - bol half so fair As in thee, brave Ti - ger - Lil - y?
 Thoughts of home and Old Nau - sau, Rise in thee, fair Ti - ger - Lil - y!

mf cresc.

* Awarded second prize in the Song Contest of 1893.

SONS OF OLD NASSAU.

(As sung by the 1900 Glee Club.)

For Male Voices and Cornet obbligato.

Words by FULTON R. McMAHON, '84.

Music: *Boers' Marseillaise*.
Arranged by ERNEST CARTER.

CORNET IN A.

Alla marcia.

I. TENOR. 

II. TENOR. 

I. BASS. 

II. BASS. 

ff

f

1. We are the sons of Old Nas - sau, Whose fame will e'er re -
2. We nev - er flinch be - fore a foe, In test of brawn or

sau, Nas - sau,
foe, a foe,

mp

molto cresc.

sound, In prais-es sung with loud Hur - rah! Wher -
brain, We've felt the joy of win - ners' glow Far

f

rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
glow, of win-ners' glow

mf *p*

p

e'er her sons are found. Her old - er children ne'er for - sake her, Tho'
more than los - ers' pain. But wheth - er high or low our ban - ner, All

mf *f*

cre - scen - do,

scat-ter'd far and wide, And ev-'ry mother's son would make her The
Princeton hearts are true, Sup- port- ing in a loy- al man - ner What-

p *ff*

For Old Nas - sau,.....
We're Princeton men,

cen - tre of his pride. Old Nas-sau, For Old Nas -
e'er our cham- pions do. Princeton men, We're Princeton

) 1, 2 & 3 (

sau,..... Once more a cheer for Old Nas - sau.
men,..... We're Princeton men from Old Nas - sau.

For Old Nas-sau,
We're Princeton men,

ff Last time. *rit. e dim.*

hon - or Old Nas - sau!.....

3 On stage, arena, field or floor,
In trade or church or state,
The Princeton spirit stands for war
On all that is not straight.
It means fair play in friendly contest,
Resistance to all wrong,
And grateful, courteous hearts in conquest,
With voices raised in song
To Old Nassau, To Old Nassau,
We give the praise to Old Nassau.

4 Then once again the oath renew,
And lift a loud hurrah,
Let Princeton brain and muscle do
Their best for Old Nassau.
In sunshine and in stormy weather,
In vict'ry or defeat,
Her sons will ever stand together
In harmony complete,
To cheer Nassau, To praise Nassau,
To praise and honor Old Nassau.

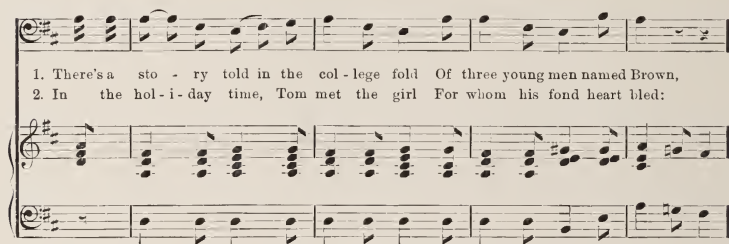
ALL OVER NOW.*

BOOTH TARKINGTON, '93.

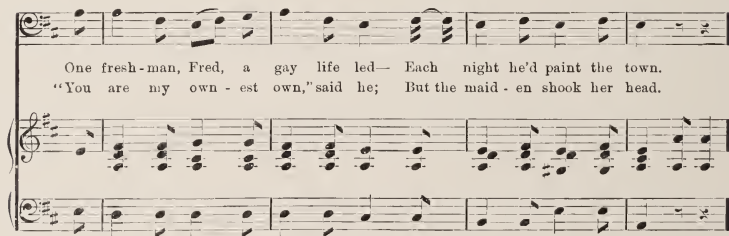
JNO. M. MATHEW, '92.



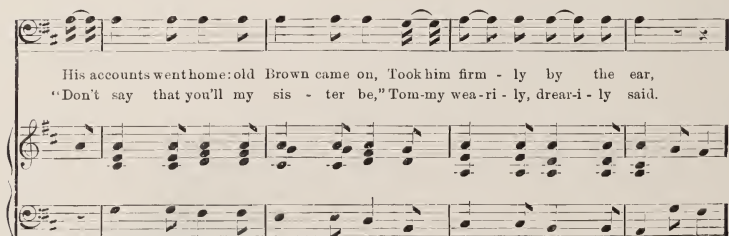
1. There's a sto - ry told in the col - lege fold Of three young men named Brown,
 2. In the hol - i - day time, Tom met the girl For whom his fond heart bled:



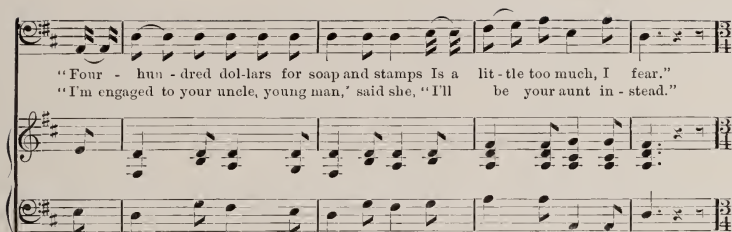
- One fresh - man, Fred, a gay life led— Each night he'd paint the town.
 "You are my own - est own," said he; But the maid - en shook her head.



- His accounts went home: old Brown came on, Took him firm - ly by the ear,
 "Don't say that you'll my sis - ter be," Tom-my wea - ri - ly, drear-i - ly said.



* First sung, with different words by the same author, in "Catherine," as presented by the Triangle Club.



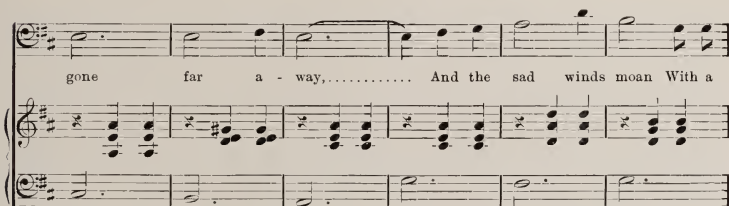
"Four - hun - dred dol-lars for soap and stamps Is a lit - tle too much, I fear."
 "I'm engaged to your uncle, young man," said she, "I'll be your aunt in - stead."

Chorus.

Waltz tempo.



And it's all..... o - ver now,..... And he's



gone far a - way,..... And the sad winds moan With a



sad, sob - bing tone, That it's all o - ver now

3 John took his best girl to a football game—
 She was Bostonese refined;
 She thought John was pious, and so did her ma,
 And pa, who sat behind.

No more will he take her to football games,
 Although he loved her well;
 The other side kicked a goal from off the field,
 And Johnny, he said, —!

SERENADE.

From "HON. JULIUS CÆSAR," as presented by *Princeton Triangle Club*.

POST WHEELER, '91.

J. M. MAYHEW, '92.

Vivace.

Sempre. pp

p

1. Ly - ing a - lone. Where the zeph -
 2. I..... dreamed so clear,..... They sang in -
 3. Dream - ing is pa-t,..... I a - wak -

p

- - yrs are blown, While the moon swung high, swung high,.....
 - - to my ear,..... Mur - mur - ing low, so low,.....
 - - en at last,..... The.... moon shines large and bright,.....

..... While the moon swung high, swung high,..... And....
 The.... moon - mur - ing low, so low,..... But the
 The.... moon shines large and bright.....

Rock - - ing a - float..... In my i - - - dle
told of a nest,..... Far... in - - - to the
bird..... in the West, Will she leave..... her,

mf

boat..... The rip - ples my lul - - la - by,.....
West,..... And whis-pered so soft - - ly, 'go,.....
nest..... And try.... her wings in the night?.....

p *cres.* *f*

The rip - ples my lul - - la - by, My lul - la -
And whis-pered so soft - - ly, 'go, So soft - ly,
And try.... her wings in the night?

p L. H. *cres.* *dim.*

1st & 2d Verses.

by.....
'go.'..... In the night?...

ff Last Verse.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Mixed or Male Voices.

Andantino.

II. TENOR.

I. TENOR (at
actual pitch).

1. There's mu - sic in the air.... When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
 2. There's mu - sic in the air.... When the noon-time's sul - try beam Re -
 3. There's mu - sic in the air.... When the twi - light's gen - tle sigh Is

I. BASS.

II. BASS.

faint its blush is seen.. On the bright and laugh - ing sky; Many a harp's ec -
 flects a gold - en light.. On the dis - tant moun - tain - stream; When be - neath some
 lost on eve - ning's breast, As its pen - sive beau - ties die; Then, oh, then the

stat - ic sound With its thrill of joy pro - found, While we list en - chant - ed there
 grate - ful shade Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there
 loved ones gone Wake the pure ce - les - tial song, At - gel - voic - es greet us there,

Chorus. Fuster.

To the mu - sic in the air.
 Comesthe mu - sic in the air. } Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 In the mu - sic in the air.

Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! With a Ti - ger! Siss, Boom! Ah!

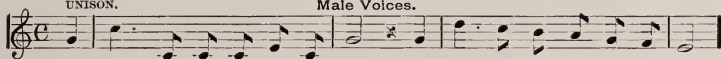


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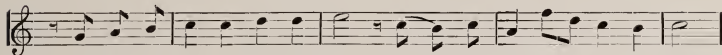
THE POPE.

UNISON.

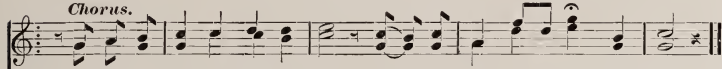
Male Voices.



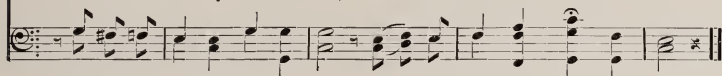
1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, He's free from ev - 'ry care and strife,
 2. But he don't lead a jol - ly life, He has no maid or bloom - ing wife,
 3. The Sul - tan bet - ter pleas - es me, His life is full of jol - li - ty;



He drinks the best of Rhen-ish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
 He has no son to raise his hope, Oh!... I would not be the Pope.
 He's wives as ma - ny as he will, I fain the Sul - tan's throne would fill.

Chorus.

He drinks the best of Rhen-ish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
 He has no son to raise his hope, Oh!.. I would not be the Pope.
 He's wives as ma - ny as he will, I fain the Sul - tan's throne would fill.



- 4 But still he is a wretched man,
 He must obey the Al-Koran;
 ||: He dare not drink one drop of wine,
 I would not change his lot for mine. :||

- 5 So when the maiden kisses me
 I'll think that I the Sultan be;
 ||: And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
 Oh! then I'll think that I'm the Pope. :||

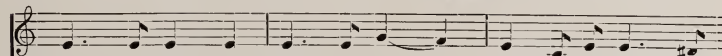
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ROSES.

From "THE MAN FROM WHERE," as presented by the *Triangle Club*.

Words by M. STRUTHERS BURT, '04.

Music { Verse by ERNEST D. NEVIN, '05.
 Refrain by KENNETH S. CLARK, '05.

Andante.

1. Since we part - ed yes - ter eve,..... Love, I have longed for
 2. Once I came when stars were bright,... Love, to you wait - ing



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thee; Each day a month of tears, be - lieve,....
there; You, like a god - dess of the night,....

Each hour a day to me. Could I come in the
Crown'd, with your dusk - y hair: Leaped my heart at the

same old way, Just as night's o'er - tak - ing day:.... Bid me to
sight of you, Then at last the se - cret knew;.. Call - ing my

come a - gain!..... Bid me to come a - gain!.....
heart to thee!..... Call - ing my heart to thee!.....

Refrain.

Dear love, could I but hold thee With - in these arms of mine; With -

in this heart en - fold thee, And pledge my lips to thine; For

ros - es fade and die, dear, And June is brief as May; To gath - er ros-es

try, dear, I'll brush the thorns a - way, a - way.....

PIPE DREAMS.

Male Voices.

(From "The Pretenders," as presented by the Triangle Club.)

R. C. VEIT, '08.

Arr. by C. E. BURNHAM.

Spain,

Dreamtily.

p *†* *poco cres - cen - do.* *poco cres - cen - do.* *f* *p dim.* *rall.* *pp* *p* *† dim.* *rall.* *pp*

Air - y dreams, fair - y dreams, Cas - tles bright in Spain we're dream - ing, Spain,

Cas - tles fair of eup - ty air, Cre - a - tions of our brain. Sweet vis - ions and brain. . . .

Ar - a - besques of wreath - ing smoke, And dreams of knights and la - dies fair, They fill the halls, and drape the walls Of these our cas - tles in the air.

† indicates the melody.

By permission of M. WITMARK & SONS, owners of the copyright.

MY LOVE, SHE SITS ON THE CAMPUS.

Mixed or Male Voices.

cam - pus. . . .

II. TENOR.

I. TENOR.

(actual pitch).

1. My love she sits on the cam-pus, Look! Look! My love, she sits on the
2. She throws me a kiss from the cam-pus, Look! Look! She throws me a kiss from the

I. BASS.
II. BASS.

cam-pus.

campus, Look! Look! My love she sits on the cam - pus, Look, you can see her now. . .
campus, Look! Look! She throws me a kiss from the cam - pus, Look, you can see her now. . .

YODEL.

la, la, la, la,

Boom, Boom,

Boom, la, la, la.

LEVEE SONG.

Mixed Voices.

Arr. by L. F. PEASE, '99.

QUARTET.

I'm wuk - kin' on de le - vee;

SOLO.

1. I once did know a girl named Grace—

QUARTET.

O' wuk - kin' on de le - vee.

SOLO.

She done brung me to dis sad dis - grace

Chorus.

I been wuk - kin' on de rail - road All de live - long day,

I been wuk - kin' on de rail - road Ter pass de time a - way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis - tle blow - in'? Rise up, so uh - ly in de mawn;

FINE.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in', "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

2. Sing a song o' the eit - y; . . Roll dat cot - ton bale;

Nig - gah aint half so hap - py . . As when he's out o' jail. . .

Nor - folk foh its oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh its beams,

D. S. al Fine.

Charles - ton foh its rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs — New Aw - leens.

HORSE-SHOE MEDLEY.

Mixed Voices.

Found a horse-shoe, found a horse-shoe; It was ly - ing in the mid - dle of the

The first system of musical notation for the 'Horse-Shoe Medley' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand.

road. It was rust - y . . and full of nails, Good luck to him that hangs it on the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a melisma on the word 'y' in 'rust-y'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

Kind-ling wood, Kind-ling wood,
wall. Kind-ling wood, Kind-ling wood, I'm sell - ing kind-ling wood to get a -

The third system introduces a new melodic phrase for 'Kind-ling wood'. The piano accompaniment includes rests in the vocal line, indicated by 'x' marks.

long. If you want to help me out, Just buy a stick or two: I'm

The fourth system continues the 'Kind-ling wood' melody. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with consistent rhythms.

sell - ing kind - ling wood to get a Shine ! shine ! Won't you have a shine ?

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and a key signature change to G minor (two flats) for the final notes. The piano accompaniment also changes to match the new key.

The first eight measures by permission of S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO.

My name is Ted - dy, and I'm al - ways read - y. My brush - es are new, my

Spoken.

black - ing is fine, Say, mister! Do you drink wine? Oh, yes! Do you drink wine?

Oh, yes! Then I'll mar - ry you next Sun - day af - ter - noon.

Bang, bang, bang goes the ham - mer on the an - vil, All day long. Bang, bang, bang goes the

Slower.

ham - mer on the an - vil, In that lit - tle coun - try vil - lage black - smith shop.

a tempo. *Slower.*

Down Mo - bile, down Mo - bile; How I love that lit - tle ya - ler girl! Down Mo - bile!

PASS AROUND THE GOOD OLD BEER.

Male Voices.

Arr. by V. LANSING COLLINS, '92.

1ST TENOR. (SOLO.)

2ND TENOR.

1. Pass a-round the good old beer, (SOLO.) For it makes you

1ST BASS.

2ND BASS.

(CHO.) Pass a-round the good old beer,

feel so queer; Pass a-round the good old beer,

(CHO.) For it makes you feel so queer;

For it makes you feel so queer; And to-mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed - ding day.

Chorus.

(SOLO.) So we'll drink, (SOLO.) Yes, we'll

(CHO.) For to-mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed-ding day;

drink, And we'll drink un - til to -

(CHO.) For to-mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed-ding day;

Solo.

mor - row, For to - mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed - ding day. My wife

Ma - ry, Ma - ry, (Solo.) Pass a-round the Tom and Jer - ry,

(Cho.) My wife Ma - ry, Ma - ry,

Chorus.

My wife Ma - ry, Ma - ry, Pass a-round the

(Cho.) Pass a-round the Tom and Jer - ry,

Tom and Jer - ry, For to - mor-row'll be an - oth - er wed - ding day.

2.

||: Pass around the good old whiskey; ||
 ||: For it makes you feel so frisky; ||
 And to-morrow'll be another wedding day.
 Cho.—And we'll drink, etc.

3.

||: Pass around the good old wine; ||
 ||: For it makes you feel so fine; ||
 And to-morrow'll be another wedding day.
 Cho.—And we'll drink, etc.

4.

||: Pass around the good old sherry; ||
 ||: For it makes you feel so merry; ||
 And to-morrow'll be another wedding day.
 Cho.—And we'll drink, etc.

5.

||: Pass around the good old milk; ||
 ||: For it makes you feel like silk; ||
 And to-morrow'll be another wedding day.
 Cho.—And we'll drink, etc.

NEWGATE.

As sung by PRINCETON UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB.

Melody of Chorus from "Dixie."

Arr. by R. T. TOWNSEND, '90.

SOLO.

1. { My... pal... and... I... went... out to crack a crib; We
 2. { But we went so slow a - bout it, like a bloom in' pair of muffs; That a -
 2. { I went out... one... night, to... see what I could catch, An' I
 2. { I... faked.. the... watch, and as off with it I goes, He

1st Tenor.
 2d Tenor.
 1st Bass.

La, la, la, la,

2d Bass.

boom, boom, boom, boom,

o - pens up a win - dow with a jim - my, so we did, With our hands, and our
 long.. comes a cop - per, and he puts a pair of cuffs On our hands, and our
 sees a heav - y swell.. stop a - look - in' at his watch, With his hands, and his
 hits... me a heav - y one up - on me bloom - in' nose, With his hands, and his

la, la, la, la, la, la,

boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,

Chorus.

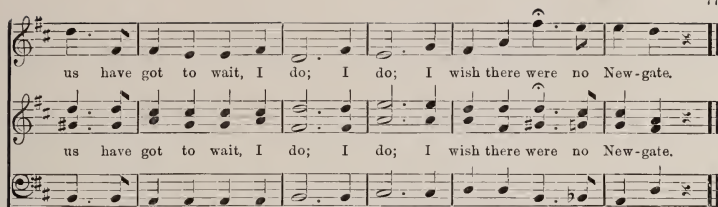
dukes, and our fists, and our maul - ers. } I. TENOR.
 dukes, and our fists, and our maul - ers. } I wish there were no
 dukes, and his fists, and his maul - ers. } II. TENOR.
 dukes, and his fists, and his maul - ers. }

la, la, la, la,

I. BASS.
 I wish there were no
 II. BASS.

boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

New - gate, I do; I do; I wish there were no New - gate, Where coves like
 New - gate, I do; I do; I wish there were no New - gate, Where coves like
 New - gate, I do; I do; I wish there were no New - gate, Where coves like



us have got to wait, I do; I do; I wish there were no New-gate.

us have got to wait, I do; I do; I wish there were no New-gate.

- 3 I was walkin' down the street when I sees a p'rambulator
 With a nurse and a kid, a-holdin' of a 'tater
 In its hands, and its dukes, and its fists, and its maulers;
 And while the nurse was talkin' to the bobby on the beat,
 I snatches the potatoe, for I wanted it to eat,
 With me hands, and me dukes, and me fists, and me maulers.
- 4 And when the copper sees me, his whistle he does blow,
 And I runs into another one a block or so below,
 In his hands, in his dukes, in his fists, in his maulers;
 And for stealin' the potatoe they sends me to the "pen."
 Says the Warden, when he sees me: "Well, here you are again!
 In our hands, in our dukes, in our fists, in our maulers."
- 5 An' a-writin' of these words I was sittin' in my cell,
 If I's workin' for my livin' I'd been doin' very well
 With me hands, with me dukes, with me fists, with me maulers;
 I was makin' leather gloves out of paper they prepare,
 Which all the dudes and blokes upon the Strand do wear
 On their hands, on their dukes, on their fists, on their maulers.

MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID.

Valse Moderato,

Words and Music by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.



1. We stand to - geth - er, you and I, Where we stood years a -
 2. I know the love you gave me then Is just as fond and

go..... Be - neath the same blue I - rish sky, Our
 true..... Those eyes of yours speak hope a - gain, Sweet

hearts with joy a - glow;..... You prom - ised, then, you
eyes of I - rish blue!..... I know you'll keep your

would be mine, In all your charms ar - rayed;..... I'm here to
prom - ise, love, Tho' stars a - bove may fade!..... Thro' storm and

rit. *rall.*
claim you for my own, My pret-ty I - rish maid!.....
shine I've come to you, My pret-ty I - rish maid!.....
rit. *rall.* *riten.*

Chorus.

Oh! my love,..... how I've wait - ed and long'd for
> *a tempo.*
p

you, dear; Time has not changed you, your

riten. a tempo.

beau - ty will nev - er fade!..... I'm here to

riten. a tempo.

claim, love, your promise of long, long a - go,..... You

f

portamento rall.

are to me my own, .. my beau - ti - ful I - rish maid!.....

colla voce. *p* *D.C.*

THE CHEER WE LOVE.

Words by CLARENCE B. MITCHELL, '89. (Male Voices.)

Music by SCHROETER.

Allegro con fuoco.

f *p*

1. Come, let us raise the cheer To all our hearts so dear. Loud let the ech-oes ring,
2. Roar'd on ath-let-ic fields, Where to the ti-ger yields For-tune her fa-vor, there
3. Thus in a thousand ways Dear to our col-lege days, Friend of our Cam-pus life,

più lento e rit.

dolce.

As in its praise we sing... Em-blem of col-lege fame, Her - ald-ing
Won in free strife and fair... Rais'd... where the feast is spread, Sung... to the
Crowning each joy or strife... So.... thro' all com-ing years, Voic-ing her

cresc.

Princeton's name, Far as the rock-et's light Shines thro' the dark-ning night;
dan-cers' tread, Or from the steps of North Cheer-i-ly ech-ong forth;
hopes and fears, Tell-ing of Princeton's weal, Still shall the old cheer peal;

dolce.

Em-blem of col-lege fame, Her-ald-ing Princeton's name, Far as the rock-et's light
Rais'd where the feast is spread, Sung to the dan-cers' tread, Or from the steps of North
So thro' all com-ing years, Voic-ing her hopes and fears, Tell-ing of Princeton's weal,

Chorus.

f

Shines thro' the dark-ning night.
Cheer-i-ly ech-o-ing forth. } Ex-ult-ing-ly borne on the breezes a - far, Hark!
Still shall the old cheer peal. }

ff

Swell-ing the Siss! Boom! Ah! De - fi - ant - ly drown-ing the bark-ing Rah! Rah! Loud

f

thunders the Siss! Boom! Ah! Tri-umph - aut - ly ev - er... Ti - ger, Siss! Boom! Ah!

HEAR DEM BELLS.

Mixed or Male Voices.

Chorus.

II. TENOR.
I. TENOR.
(Actual pitch)

Don't you hear dem bells? . Don't you hear dem bells? . Dey are ring-in' out de

I. BASS.
II. BASS.

ding!

dong!

glo - ry ob Nas - sau, ob Nas - sau: Don't you hear dem bells? . Don't you

ding!

hear dem bells? . Dey are ring-in' out de glo - ry ob Nas - sau. . .

dong!

UPIDEE.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, As

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

through an Al - pine vil - lage passed, U - pi - dee - i - da! A

ritard.

youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with the strange de - vice:

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

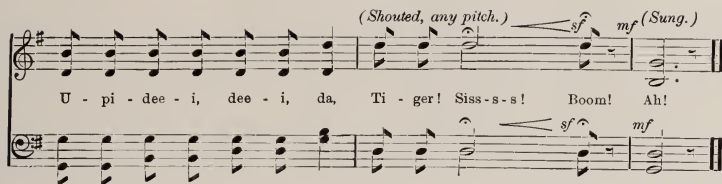
U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da,

tr. . . .

U - pi - dee - i - da! r-r-r-r- rah! rah! rah! rah! siss boom ah!

U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da!

* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass. Except measure "rah! rah!" etc., where I. and II. Tenor exchange parts.



2 His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of an unknown tongue:
 CHO.—Upidee-i, dee-i, da, etc.

3 "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered with a sigh:
 CHO.—Upidee-i, dee-i, da, etc.

4 At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air:
 CHO.—Upidee-i, dee-i, da, etc.

5 A traveler, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device:
 CHO.—Upidee-i, dee-i, da, etc.



PHOTO BY BOSE

CANOEING ON LAKE CARNEGIE

ANNIE LISLE.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

Moderato.

1. Down where the wav-ing wil-lows, 'neath the sun-beams' smile, Shad-owed o'er the
2. Sweet came the hal-lowed chim-ing of the Sab-bath bell, Borne on the

mur-m'ring wa-ters, dwelt sweet An-nie Lisle; Pure as the For-est Lil-y,
morn-ing breez-es down the wood-y dell; On a bed of pain and an-guish

nev-er tho't of guile Had its home with-in the bo-som of loved An-nie Lisle,
lay dear An-nie Lisle; Changed were the love-ly fea-tures, gone the hap-py smile.

Chorus.

II. TENOR.

I. BASS.
Wave, wil-lows, mur-mur, wa-ters, gold-en sun-beams, smile; . .
I. TENOR.

II. BASS.

rit. Repeat Cho. pp.
I. TEN.
Earth-ly mu-sic can-not wak-en love-ly An-nie Lisle.
I. BASS.

3 Toll, bells of Sabbath morning, I shall nevermore
Hear your sweet and holy music on this earthly shore.
Forms, clad in heavenly beauty, look on me and smile,
Waiting for the longing spirit of your Annie Lisle.—Cho.

4 Raise me on your arms, dear mother, let me once more look
On the green and waving willows, and the flowing brook;
Hark! those strains of angel-music from the choirs above
Dearest mother, I am going; truly, "God is Love."—Cho.

* Pitch in A2. Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

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MARY'S LITTLE WISE MAN.

Male Voices.

ERNEST CARTER, '88.

First system of musical notation for male voices. It features a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time. The melody starts with a series of eighth notes, followed by a crescendo leading to a forte section, and then a mezzo-forte section. The lyrics 'Ba, Ba, Ba, . . . Ba, Ba, Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba' are written below the notes.

Second system of musical notation. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics 'Ba ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba,' are written below. Below the staff, two verses of lyrics are provided: '1. Oh, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, And he was wondrous wise, And ev - 'ry-where that' and '2. There was a man in our town, His fleece was white as snow; When he jump'd into a'.

Third system of musical notation. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics 'ba ba ba Ba ba ba ba ba Ba ba . . . ba ba ba Ba' are written below. Below the staff, the lyrics 'Ma - ry went, He scratch'd out both his eyes, And ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went, He bramble bush, The lamb was sure to go, When he jump'd into a bramble bush, The' are written. The system ends with a 'molto rit.' marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with eighth notes. The lyrics 'ba ba ba ba ba.' are written below. Below the staff, the lyrics 'scratch'd out both his eyes. Oh, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, with a' and 'lamb was sure to go. When he jump'd into a bram - ble bush, with a' are written. The system ends with a 'Last time.' marking and a final cadence. The lyrics 'Ba! Ba! Ba!' are written below the final notes.

||: 3 He followed her to school one day, :||
With all his might and main,
It made the children laugh and play,
To scratch them in again.

4 And when he saw his eyes were out,
Which was against the rule,
||: He jumped into another bush, :||
To see the lamb at school.

5 And so the teacher turned him out
His wife could eat no lean,
||: And waited patiently about, :||
And licked the platter clean.

6 What makes the lamb love Mary so?
For he himself had said it,
||: 'Cause Mary loves the lamb, you know, :||
And it's greatly to his credit.


ETON BOATING SONG.

(As originally introduced by the Princeton Glee Club.)

Male Voices.

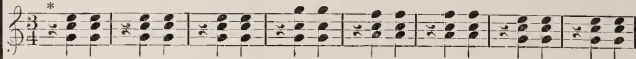
Arranged by ERNEST CARTER.

SOLO.



1 Jol - ly boat - ing weath - er, With a hay har - vest breeze;
2 Skirt - ing by the rush - es, Ruf - fingo'er the weeds,

I. TENOR.
II. TENOR.
I. BASS.



La, la, la, la, etc.

II. BASS.



Boom, boom, etc.

rit. †

Blades on the feath - er, Shade off the trees;
Where the lock - stream gush - es, Where the cyg - net feeds,

rit.

a tempo. †

Swing, swing to - geth - er, With your bod - y be - tween your knees;
See how the wine - glass flush - es, At sup - per on Bo - ve - ney meads!

a tempo.

Swing, swing to - geth - er, With your bod - y be - tween your knees,
See how the wine - glass flush - es, At sup - per on Bo - ve - ney meads!

La

* Play an octave lower as piano accompaniment.

† For 3rd and 4th verses.



THE CREW ON LAKE CARNEGIE

PHOTO BY ROSE

3 Others may take our places
 Dressed in the orange and black ;
 But we'll recollect our races,
 The foot-ball field, the track,
 And youth will still shine in our faces
 When we cheer for a Princeton " back."

4 Twenty years hence such weather
 May tempt us from office stools ;
 We may be slow on the feather,
 And seem to the boys old fools ;
 But still we'll swing together,
 And swear by the best of schools

BRING THE WAGON HOME, JOHN.

Mixed or Male Voices.

Rather slowly.

II. TENOR.
 I. TENOR.
 (Actual pitch.)

I. BASS.
 II. BASS.

Oh, bring the wag-on home, John, It will not hold us all; We

used to ride a-bout in it When you and I were small. Oh,

bring the wag-on home, John, It will not hold us all; We

used to ride a-bout in it When you and I were small.

A CAPITAL SHIP.

Male Voices.

Solo.

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win-dow blind! No
 2. The bo'-swain's mate was.. ver-y se-date, Yet.. fond of a-musement, too; He
 3. The cap - tain sat on the commodore's hat, And.. dined, in a roy - al way, Off

PIANO.

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or.. trou-bled the cap - tain's mind; The
 play'd hop scotch with the star-board watch, While the captain, he tickled the crew! And the
 toast - ed pigs and.. pickles and figs And gun-ner-y bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Tho' it
 gunner we.. had was ap-par-ent ly mad, For he sat.. on the aft - er - rai - ai - ail, And..
 cook was Dutch, and be-haved as such, For the di-et he.. gave the crew-ew-ew Was a

oft-en ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
 fired.. sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale! low.
 number of - tons of... hot cross - buns, Served up with.. su-gar and glue.

Chorus. MELODY IN II. TENOR.

Then, blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A - roving I will go! I'll stay no more on

England's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morning train! I'll

cross the rag - ing main! I'm off to my love with a boxing-glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!

rit.

rit.

4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubby Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.—Choe.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee; [care,
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.—Choe.

TO PRINCETON.

Words by Class '87.

Music by EDWARD F. GOLTRA, '87.

1. Oh Prince - ton, Princeton, Old Nas - sau, Once
 2. Ah, five and twen - ty years a - gone The
 3. Tho' stran - gers then but class-mates now, We
 4. The years that lie be - fore us yet To

Andante.

f *dim.*

Ped. *

more we greet thee now; . . And as in days that are no more We
 faint, the glo - ri - ous past; . . When life was young and strong and sweet, So
 face the world to - day; . . Se - cure, se - rene, un - ter - ri - fied, We
 bring us good or ill; . . We face them with un - daunt - ed hearts, No

come 'neath thy shel - ter - ing bough.
 sweet that it nev - er could last.
 pass on our con - quer - ing way.
 fears can our cour - age e'er chill. Un - to

espress. *ff*

Wan-der we far from the fold, . . . Our love for thee can-not grow cold ; . . .
 Strangers and pil-grims we came, . . . To bow be-fore thy sa-cred flame ; . . . } So
 True to the high-est we'll be, . . . Bound by our love for thee ; . . .
 thee, for the best of our days, . . . Al - ma Ma - ter, we'll sing thy praise ; . . .

espress. *ff*

here's to Princeton, Old Nas-sau, Hur - rah ! Hur - rah ! Hur - rah !



STONY BROOK BRIDGE

PHOTO BY ROSE

THE LITTLE OLD RED SHAWL.

Mixed or Male Voices.

II. TENOR.
I. TENOR.
(Actual pitch.)

I. BASS.
II. BASS.

Oh, that lit - tle old red shawl, That lit - tle old red shawl, That
lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore; It was tat - ter'd, it was torn, It showed
signs of be - ing worn, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore.

INTEGER VITÆ.

Male Voices.

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ sce - le - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get Mau - ris ja - eu - lis, nec
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter as - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -
ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis, gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fa - bu - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

WHERE, O WHERE.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

Spirited.

1. { Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver - dant
They've gone out from Liz - zie Gil - les - pie, They've gone out from Liz - zie Gil -

Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
les - pie, They've gone out from Liz - zie Gil - les - pie, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.

2 ||: Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? :||

Safe now in the Junior Class:

||: They've gone out from Andy's Latin, :||

Safe now in the Junior Class.

3 ||: Where, O where are the stately Juniors? :||

Safe now in the Senior Class:

||: They've gone out from Coney's History, :||

Safe now in the Senior Class.

*pp Andante
con espressione.*

4 ||: Where, O where are the good Old Seniors? :||

Safe now in the wide, wide world:

||: They've gone out from their Alma Mater, :||

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

ff presto 5 ||: By and by we'll go out to meet them, :||
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

* Pitch in D. Soprano = I. Bass ; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch) ; Tenor = II. Tenor.

WHO ARE WE?

Air: after "The Mikado," ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Do you want to know who we are? We're the gents of the Se - nior class; We've
trav-elled near and far, We've tak - en ma - ny a glass, We sit and take our
ease, We smoke and sing our glees, We do as we d— please! See? . . .

BY THE WATERMELON VINE—LINDY LOU.

(THE CHORUS ONLY.)

Moderato.

Words and music by THOS. S. ALLEN.

Lin - dy, Lin - dy, Sweet as the su - gar cane, Lin - dy,

p ff

Lin - dy, Say you'll be mine, When the moon am a -

shin - ing, Then my heart am a - pin - ing, Meet me, pret - ty

Lin - dy, by the wat - er - mel - on vine. vine.

1 2

1 2

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EIN' FESTE BURG.

Mixed Voices.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

1. { A might-y For - tress is our God, A Bul-wark nev - er - fail - ing; }
 { Our Help - er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; }

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and

pow'r are great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His Name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim,
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
 No thanks to them, abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.*

Male Voices.

Melody in II. TENOR.

BACH: Choralgesänge.

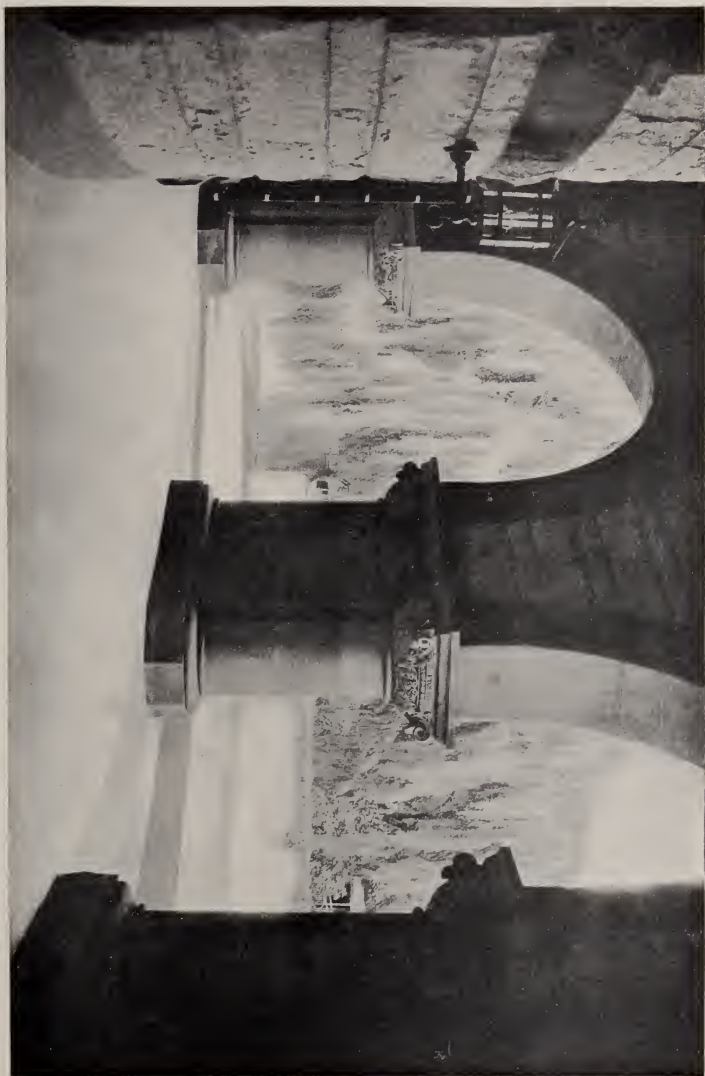
1. Ve - ni Cre - a - tor, Spi - ri - tus, Men - tes tu - o - rum vi - si - ta,
 2. Da gau - di - o - rum præ - mi - a, Da gra - ti - a - rum mu - ne - ra,
 3. Sit laus Pa - tri cum Fi - li - o, Sanc - to si - mul Pa - ra - cli - to,

ORGAN.

Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti - a, Quæ tu cre - a - sti . . . pec - to - ra.
 Dis - sol - ve li - tis vin - cu - la, Ad - strin - ge pa - cis . . . fœ - de - ra.
 No - bis - que mit - tat Fi - li - us, Cha - ris - ma San - cti . . . Spi - ri - tus.

* Sung with accompaniment of French horns at the Inauguration of President Patton, 1888,
 Sesquicentennial Celebration, 1896, Inauguration of President Wilson, 1902,
 Inauguration of President Hibben, 1912, Dedication of Graduate College, 1914.


ALEXANDER HALL



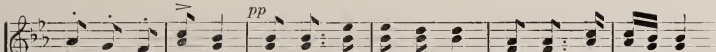
SANTA LUCIA.

Male Voices.


Allegretto.



1. O'er sea the sil-ver star bright light is throw-ing, Hush'd now the bil-lows are,
2. See how the balm-y breeze our sail's ex-pand-ing, Naught could our hearts more please



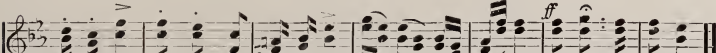
gen-tle winds blow-ing; O'er sea the sil-ver star bright light is throw-ing,
on this deck stand-ing; See how the balm-y breeze our sail's ex-pand-ing,



Hush'd now the bil-lows are, gen-tle winds blow-ing: Come to my bark with me,
Naught could our hearts more please on this deck stand-ing: Come, trav-lers, one and all,



Come, sail a-cross the sea, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a; Come to my
Come quick-ly to my call, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a; Come, trav-lers,



bark with me, Come, sail a-cross the sea, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a.
one and all, Come quick-ly to my call, San-ta Lu-ci-a, San-ta Lu-ci-a.

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY.

Solo and Chorus.

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, . . . On the
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, . . . Rest-ed
 3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, . . . Trem-bled
 4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, . . . And those

bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's
 light as o-cean foam; And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's
 till it dared to come; And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's
 hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's

quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home. . . .

Chorus. (For mixed or male voices.)

I. BASS.
 I. TENOR. (Actual pitch.)
 II. TENOR.
 II. BASS.

I was see-ing Nel-lie home, . . . I was see-ing Nel-lie home;
 And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

BA, BE.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

1. B - a ba, B - e be, B - i bi, Ba be bi, B - o bo,
 2. W - h - y, d - o do, y - o - u, Why do you, S - i si,
 3. M - a ma, r - y ry, A - n an, Ma - ry An d - e - r,
 4. M - i mi, l - i li, t - a - n, mi - li - tan, t and rum,

Ba - be - bi - bo, B - u bu, Ba - be - bi - bo - bu. Li -
 Why do you sigh, S - o, so, Why do you sigh so? Li -
 Ma - ry An - der - s - o - n, Ma - ry An - der - son. Li -
 Mi - li - tan - trum, r - s - t, Em - e - line Pank - hurst. Li -

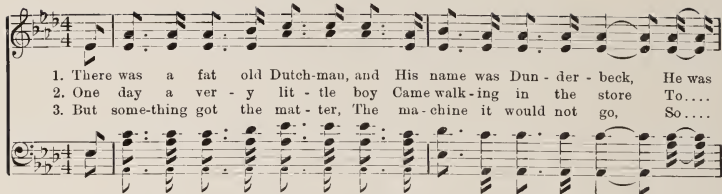
to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swee - dle wink tum hi ra sah, Li -

to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swee - dle wink dum Bum.

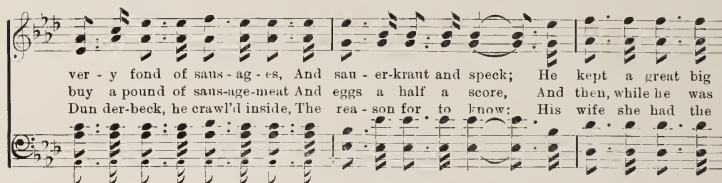
* Pitch in G; Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

DUNDERBECK.

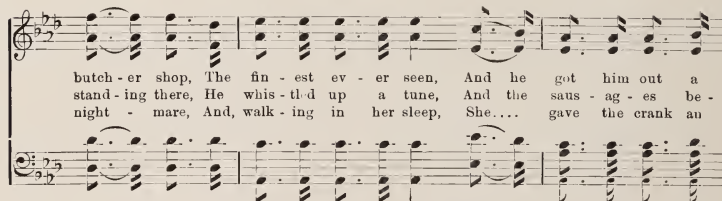
Mixed or * Male Voices.



1. There was a fat old Dutch-man, and His name was Dun - der - beck, He was
 2. One day a ver - y lit - tle boy Came walk - ing in the store To....
 3. But some-thing got the mat - ter, The ma - chine it would not go, So....

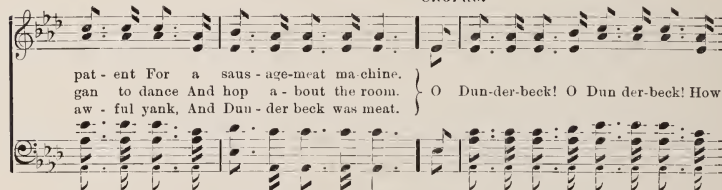


ver - y fond of saus - ag - es, And sau - er-krant and speck; He kept a great big
 buy a pound of saus-age-meat And eggs a half a score, And then, while he was
 Dun der-beck, he crawl'd inside, The rea - son for to know; His wife she had the



butch - er shop, The fin - est ev - er seen, And he got him out a
 stand - ing there, He whis - tled up a tune, And the saus - ag - es be -
 night - mare, And, walk - ing in her sleep, She.... gave the crank an

Chorus.




pat - ent For a saus - age-meat machine, } O Dun-der-beck! O Dun der-beck! How
 gan to dance And hop a - bout the room.
 aw - ful yank, And Dun - der beck was meat.

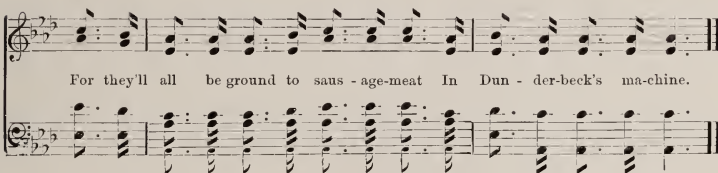


could you be so mean! I'm sor-ry you ev - er in-vent - ed That won-der - ful ma -

* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Bass; Tenor = I. Tenor.



chine; For pus - sy - cats and long - tail'd rats will nev - er - more be seen,

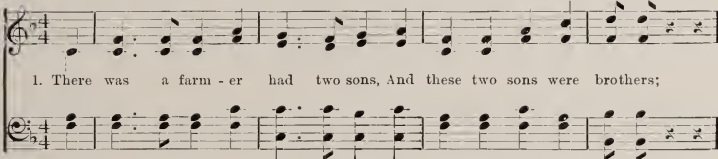


For they'll all be ground to saus - age - meat In Dun - der - beck's ma - chine.

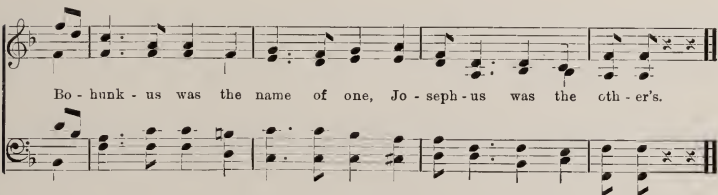
BOHUNKUS.

Mixed Voices.

Tune—AULD LANG SYNE.



1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were brothers;



Bo - hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - seph - us was the oth - er's.

2 Now, these two boys had suits of clothes,
And they were made for Sunday;
Bohunkus wore his every day,
Josephus, his on Monday.

3 Now, these two boys to the theatre went,
Whenever they saw fit;
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,
Josephus in the pit.

4 Now, these two boys are dead and gone—
Long may their ashes rest!
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Josephus by request.

5 Now, these two boys their story told,
And they did tell it well;
Bohunkus, he to heaven went,
Josephus went to—Yake.

BULL DOG.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

1. Oh, the bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, Oh, the

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The vocal line (treble clef) starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) has a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note Bb2. The lyrics '1. Oh, the bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, Oh, the' are written below the vocal line.

bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool,

ritard.

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note Bb2. The lyrics 'bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool,' are written below the vocal line. The word 'ritard.' is written below the piano line.

Oh, the bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, The

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note Bb2. The lyrics 'Oh, the bull dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, The' are written below the vocal line.

bull dog called the bull frog A green old wa - ter fool.

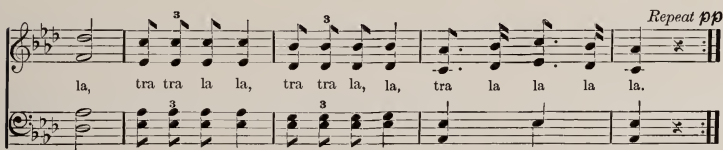
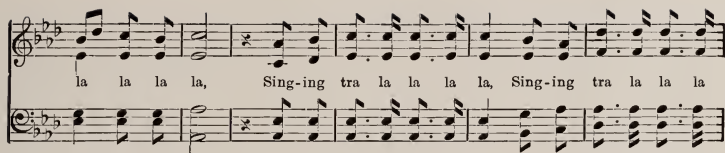
The fourth system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note Bb2. The lyrics 'bull dog called the bull frog A green old wa - ter fool.' are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing tra la la la la la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la

The chorus section is marked 'CHORUS.' and features a more complex melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note Bb2. The lyrics 'Sing-ing tra la la la la la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la' are written below the vocal line.

* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.



2 Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a-laughing
To see him wag his jaw.

3 Oh, the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland fling,
And singing *opera bouffe*.

4 Says the bull-dog to the cat,
"Oh, what do you think they're at?"
"They're spooning at the dead of night:
But where's the harm of that?"

5 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what will you have to drink?"
"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a *bottle of ink*."

6 Says the tom-cat to the dog,
"Oh, set your ears agog,
For Jule's about to tête-a-tête
With Romeo incog."

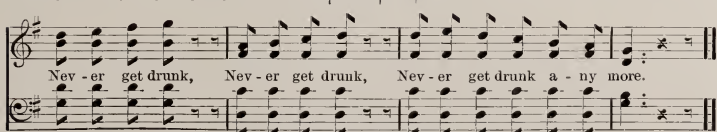
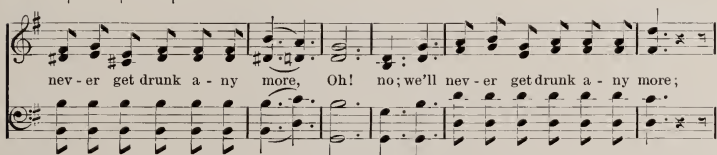
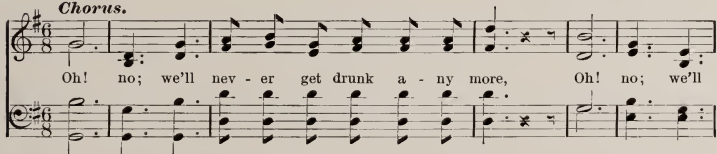
7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

OH! NO, WE'LL NEVER.

Mixed Voices.

From "*Faust*," GOUNOD.

Chorus.



By permission of C. C. CHATFIELD & Co.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

Vivace.

1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh-men we as green as grass;
2. We have fought the fight to - geth - er, We have strug-gled side by side;

Now as grave and rev - er - end Sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant past.
Bro - ken is the bond... that held us—We must cut... our sticks and slide.

Chorus.

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chik - a - che - lunk - che - lay.

3 Some will go to Greece or Trenton,
Some to Rahway, some to Rome;
Some to Greenland's icy mountains—
More, perhaps, will stay at home.
Cho.—Co-ca-che-lunk, etc.

4 When we come again together,
Vigintennial to pass,
Wives and children all included—
Won't we be an uproarious class?
Cho.—Co-ca-che-lunk, etc.

* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

COCK ROBIN.

Male Voices.

Arranged by ARTHUR D. WOODRUFF.

1. Who killed Cock Rob-in? I, said the spar-row, With my
 2. Who saw him die?... I, said the fly..... With my
 3. Who'll toll the bell?... I, said the bull,... 'Cause I can

lit - the bow - de - o - de - o and ar-row, I killed Cock Rob-in.
 lit - the eye - de - eye - de - eye - de - eye, eye, I saw him die....
 pull de - wool-de - wool-de - wool-de - wool, wool, I'll toll the bell. ..

Chorus.

AIR.
 Oh! the birds and the bees are sing-ing sweet-ly, O-ver the

jet black, who killed Cock Rob-in, And it's why not, why not?

rit.
 O-ver the jet black, who killed Cock Rob-in.

DANNY DEEVER.

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Slow.

1. "What are the bu - gles blow - in' for?" said Files - on - Pa -
2. "What makes the rear - rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files - on - Pa -
3. "Is cot was right - and cot to mine," said Files - on - Pa -
4. "What's that so black a - gin the sun?" said Files - on - Pa -

rade.... "To turn you out, to turn you out," the Col - or - Ser - geant said: "What
 rade.... "It's bit - ter cold, it's bit - ter cold," the Col - or - Ser - geant said: "What
 rade.... "'E's sleep - in' out an' far to - night," the Col - or - Ser - geant said: "I've
 rade.... "It's Dan - ny fight - in' 'ard for life," the Col - or - Ser - geant said: "What's

makes you look so white, so white?" said Files - on - Pa - rade..... "I'm...
 makes that front - rank man fall down?" said Files - on - Pa - rade..... "A...
 drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files - on - Pa - rade..... "'E's...
 that that whim - pers o - ver - 'ead?" said Files - on - Pa - rade..... "It's..

dread - in' what I've got to watch," the Col - or - Ser - geant said. For they're
 touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Col - or - Ser - geant said. They are
 drink - in' bit - ter beer a - lone," the Col - or - Ser - geant said. They are
 Dan - ny's soul that's pass - in' now," the Col - or - Ser - geant said. For they're

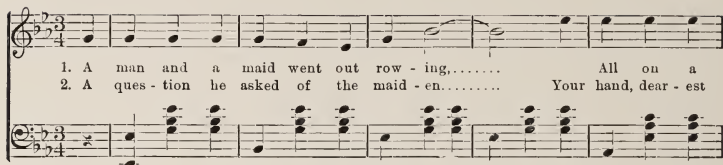
hang - in' Dan - ny Dee - ver, you can 'ear the Dead March play, The... reg - i - ment's in
 hang - in' Dan - ny Dee - ver, they are march - in' of 'im round, They've 'alt - ed Dan - ny
 hang - in' Dan - ny Dee - ver, you must mark 'im to 'is place, For 'e shot a com - rade
 done with Dan - ny Dee - ver, you can 'ear the quick - step play, The... reg - i - ment's in

'ol - lowsquare, they're hangin' him to - day. They have tak - en of 'is but - tons off, an'
 Dee - ver by 'is cof - fin on the ground; An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a min - ute for a
 sleep - in'—you must look 'im in the face; Nine... 'un - dred of 'is coun - ty and the
 col - umn, 'an they're marchin' us a - way; Ho! the young re - cruits are shak - in' and they'll

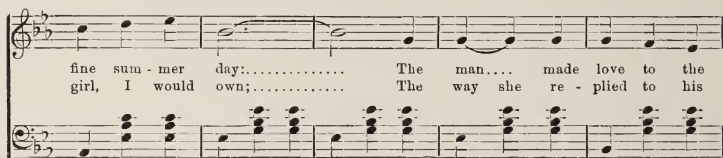
cut 'is stripes a - way, An' they're hang - in' Dan - ny Dee - ver in the morn - in'.
 sneakin', shootin' hound—O, they're hang - in' Dan - ny Dee - ver in the morn - in'.
 reg - i - ment's dis - grace, While they're hangin' Dan - ny Dee - ver in the morn - in'.
 want their beer to - day, Aft - er hang - in' Dan - ny Dee - ver in the morn - in'.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE.

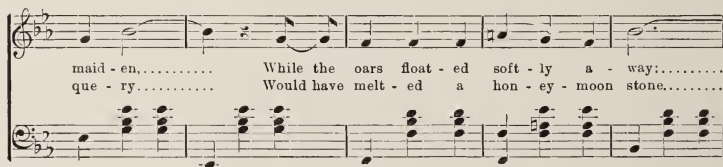
Adapted.



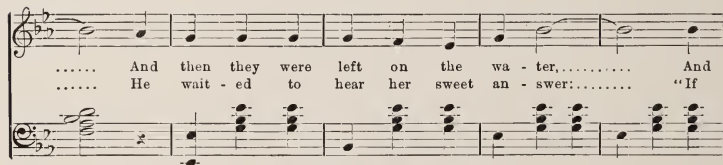
1. A man and a maid went out row - ing,..... All on a
2. A ques - tion he asked of the maid - en..... Your hand, dear - est



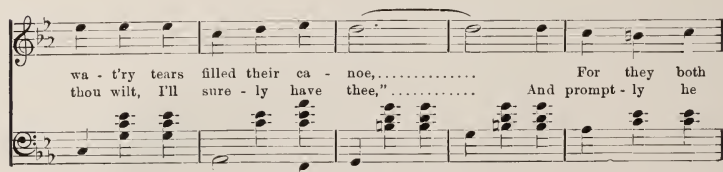
fine sum - mer day:..... The man... made love to the
girl, I would own;..... The way she re - plied to his



maid - en,..... While the oars float - ed soft - ly a - way:.....
que - ry..... Would have melt - ed a hon - ey - moon stone.....



..... And then they were left on the wa - ter,..... And
..... He wait - ed to hear her sweet an - swer:..... "If"



wa - t'ry tears filled their ca - noe,..... For they both
thou wilt, I'll sure - ly have thee,"..... And prompt - ly he

start - ed to boo - - hoo Down by the Riv - er - side.....
wilt - ed for glee, see? Down by the Riv - er - side.....

*Chorus.**

Down by the Riv - er - - side,..... Down by the
Down by the Riv - er - - side,..... Down by the

Riv - er - side,..... He sighed and she sighed, And
Riv - er - side,..... She smiled and he smiled, And

then they sighed, side by side, Down by the Riv - er - - side.....
both of them had a smile Down by the Riv - er - - side.....

3.

"My idol," he cried, as he kissed her,
She idled and he idled too;
"The belle of creation," he called her,
She bellowed, and what could he do?
He called for a pony of brandy,
And harnessed it up for a ride,
And then they drove off to the parson's,
Down by the Riverside.

Cho.—Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside,
He cried and she cried;
Oh! blest be the tie he tied
Down by the Riverside.

4.

One day I went out to the races,
I thought that the horses I knew,
I expected to win a small fortune
By risking a dollar or two;
I picked an old nag for a winner—
Hark, to my story of woe—

The horse could not go, he was so slow,
Down by the Riverside.

Cho.—Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside
He bet and I bet,
But my debts are bad debts yet
Down by the Riverside.

5.

We're invited to visit Chicago,
To appear with the fakir and freak,
To sing at the great Exposition,
And warble in classical Greek;
But we will at Tarrytown tarry,
Tarryers always are we;
At Tarrytown tarry, and Sing Sing,
Down by the Riverside.

Cho.—Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside
We go and you go;
We're all bound for Chicago
Down by the Riverside.

* For Male Voices: Soprano = I. Tenor; Alto = I. Bass; Tenor = II. Tenor.

DRINKING-SONG.

G. FISCHER.

1. How cool and fair this cel - lar where My throne a dusk - y cask is!
 2. Be - grudge me not this co - sy spot In which I am re - clin - ing—
 3. And yet I think, the more I drink, It's more and more I pine for—

To do no thing but just to sing And drown the time my task is!
 Why, who would burst with en - vious thirst When he can live by wi - ning?
 Oh, such as I (for ev - er dry!) God made this land of Rhine for.

The coop - er he's re - solved to please, And, an - swer - ing to my wink - ing,
 A ro - seate hue seems to im - bue The world on which I'm blink - ing;
 And there is bliss in know - ing this, As to the floor I'm sink - ing;

He fills me up cup af - ter cup For drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.
 My fel - low - men— I love them when I'm drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.
 I've wrong'd no man, and nev - er can, While drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.



RANDOLPH GATEWAY

PHOTO BY ROSE

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - ring thee, . .

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee.

THE DUTCH COMPANY.

Male Voices.

Male Voices.

1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the

Deitch have come; For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the best com - pa - ny That
lag - er beer; For the, etc.

ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - ma - ny. Hoo - ra, hoo - ra,

Yale's in the soup to - day. Prince - ton ti - gers! Hot stuff, the peo - ple say.

Yale is but a bluff. Prince - ton is the stuff! Ti - ger, Siss, boom, ah!

WARBLE.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Male Voices.

f Sostenuto.

1. Good - night, la - dies! . . good - night, la - dies! . . Good - night, }
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . fare - well, la - dies! . . Fare - well, }
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . Sweet dreams, }

Allegro.

la - dies! . We're going to leave you now. . . Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,
 roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

rit. Repeat pp.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Music by L. DENZA.

Allegretto brillante.

p grazioso.

pp cres.

f

pp

1. Some think the world is
 2. Some think it wrong to
 3. Ah me! 'tis strange that

made for fun and fro - lie, And so do I!
 set the feet a - danc - ing, But not so I!
 some should take to sigh - ing, And like it well!

N.B. This song can be sung with or without chorus.

Included by arrangement with Messrs. G. RICORDI & Co., Milan.

*Chorus.**Solo.*

f

And so do I! Some think it well to
 But not so I! Some think that eyes should
 And like it well! For me, I have not

f *p*

Chorus.

f

be all mel-an-chol-ic, To pine and sigh, To pine and
 keep from coy-ly glanc-ing Up-on the sly! Up-on the
 thought it worth the try-ing, So can-not tell! So can-not

f

p Solo.

sigh; But I, I love to spend my time in
 sly! But oh! to me the ma-zy dance is
 tell! With laugh and dance and song the day soon

p

Chorus.

sing-ing Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song;
 charm-ing, Di-vine-ly sweet! Di-vine-ly sweet!
 pass-es, Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone;

Solo.

To set the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring-ing . . .
 And sure-ly there is nought that is a-larm-ing . . .
 For mirth was made for joy-ous lads and lass-es . . .

f Chorus.

Is far from wrong! . . . Is far from wrong! . . .
 In nim-ble feet! . . . In nim-ble feet! . . .
 To call their own! . . . To call their own! . . .

Solo.

Lis-ten! Lis-ten! Ech-oes sound a-far! . . . Lis-ten!
 Lis-ten! Lis-ten! Mu-sic sounds a-far! . . . Lis-ten!
 Lis-ten! Lis-ten! Hark the soft gui-tar! . . . Lis-ten!

pp cres.

Lis-ten! ech-oes sound a-far! Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la

ten. f

la, tra la la la! ech - oes sound a - far! Tra la la la, tra la la

f col canto.

Chorus.

f

la! Lis - ten, Lis - ten, *ech - oes sound a -

f

far! . . . Lis - ten Lis - ten! ech - oes sound a -

p cres. cres - - - cen - - - do. ten.

far! Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la!

p cres. cres - - - cen - - - do. col canto.

* 2nd verse: Music sounds afar, etc. 3rd verse: Hark, the soft guitar, etc.

ech - oes sound a - far! Tra la la la, tra la la la! la!

f *p*

GO 'WAY, OLD MAN.

ESTILL McHENRY.
SOLO.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

ESTILL McHENRY. By permission.

1. Oh, I'll build me a lit-tle hut, On the.. moun-tain so high, To
2. Oh, her eyes spark-le like a dia-mond, Like a bright morn - ing star, Her
3. Oh,.... she do.... look so sweet, Like a rose on de vine; Lord

PIANO

gaze on my.. true-love, As she do pass by.
cheeks are so... lub - ly, Her face is so fa'r.
lub dat lub-ly la - dy, Dat dwells in my min'. *Chorus, f*

Go 'way, old man, and

leave me a - lone, For I am a stran - ger, And a long way from home. *Repeat Cho. 1p*

4 Oh, supposin' I should go to New Orleans,
And take sick and die,
Like flies into de country
My spirit would fly.—Chor.

5 Oh, come back to your lub,
When de punkins am in bloom,
When de hummin' birds am singin'
In de sweet munt of June.—Chor.

* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

FORSAKEN.

Male Voices.

English Version by F. W. ROSIER.

THOS. KOSCHAT.

pp

1. For - lorn and for-sak-en, For-sak-en am I; I meet not a maid-en But

pp

poco marcato.

2. On a hill in the for-est, With flow'rs cov-er'd o'er, My poor girl is sleep-ing, Love

pp

cresc. ff

pass-es me by... To church a-way yon-der, In sad-ness I go; And there, low-ly

ff

cresc. ff

wakes her no more. There oft do I wan-der, And heave the deep sigh, My grief plain-ly

cresc. ff

dim. *mf* *f* *p*

kneeling, I weep o'er my woe; And there, low-ly kneel-ing, I weep o'er my woe.

mf *p*

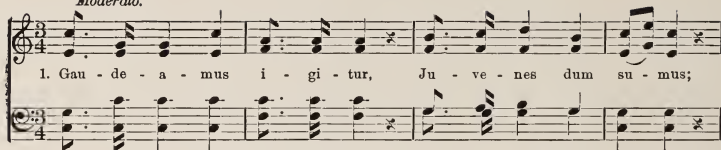
dim. *mf* *f* *p*

tell-ing, How for-sak-en am I, My grief plain-ly tell-ing, How for-sak-en am I.

mf *p*

GAUDEAMUS.

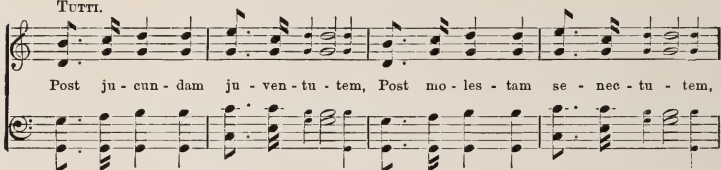
Mixed or * Male Voices.

Moderato.


1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;



Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

TUTTI.


Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,



Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat Universitas,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quolibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

6 Vivat et respublica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatam caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

* Pitch in B \flat . Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

JINGLE, BELLS!

Allegro.

mf

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh, O'er the fields we go,
 2. A day or two a - go I..... thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fannie Bright Was
 3. Now the ground is white: Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on bob - tail nag, Mak-ing spir - its bright; What
 seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis - for-tune 'em'd his lot: He
 sing this sleigh-ing - song. Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then

*Chorus.**

fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night.
 got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we—we got up - sot. } Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead. }

f

way! Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh! one-horse o - pen sleigh.

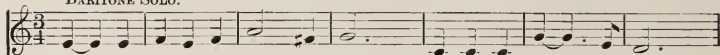
Repeat Chorus pp.

* Accompanied by jingling sleigh-bells.

OVER THE BANISTER.

Male Voices.

BARITONE SOLO.

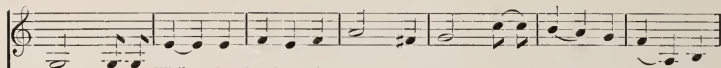


1. O-ver the ban-is-ter leans a face, Ten-der-ly sweet and be-guil - -
 2. No-bod-y, on-ly those eyes of brown, Ten-der and full of mean - -
 3. Holds her fin-gers and draws her down, Sud-den-ly grow-ing bold - -

TENORS.



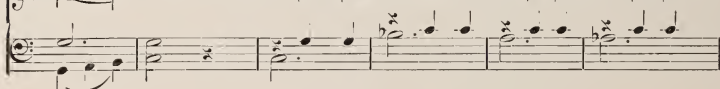
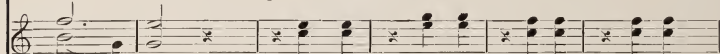
BASSES.



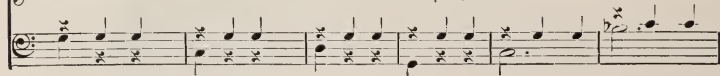
- ing, While be-low her, with ten-der grace, He.. watch-es the pic-ture
 ing, Gaze on the love-li-est face in town, O-ver the ban-is-ter
 er, Till her love-ly hair lets its mass-es down, Like a man-tle o-ver his



- smil-ing. The.. light... burns dim in the hall be-low,
 lean-ing. Tim-id and tired,... with down-cast eyes, I...
 shoul-der. There's a ques-tion asked,... a swift ca-ress, She has



- No-bod-y... sees them stand-ing; Say-ing good-night a-gain,
 won-der... why she.. lin-gers? Aft-er all the good-
 fled... like a bird from the stair-way, But o-ver the ban-is-ter



soft and low, Half-way up to the land-ing.
nights are said, Some-bod-y holds... her fin- - gers.
comes a yes, That bright-ens the world for him al - - way.

JUANITA.

Mixed or † Male Voices.

mf
1. Soft o'er the foun-tain Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain
2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beaming

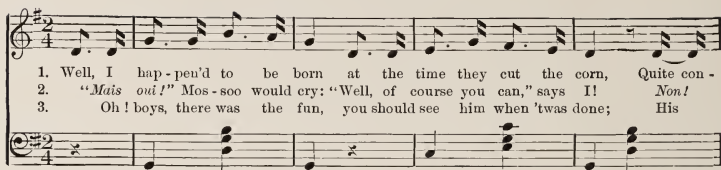
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

p Slower. *mf a tempo.*
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!*
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

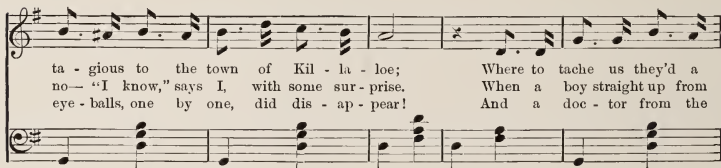
p Tenderly, rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

* Wah-nee-ta. † Pitch in C: Soprano = I. Bass; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = II. Tenor.

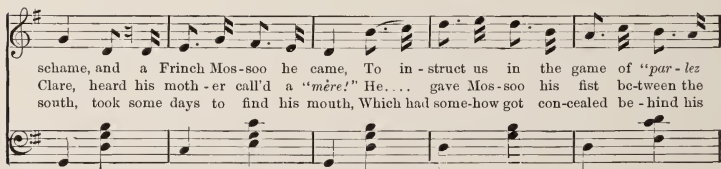
KILLALOE.



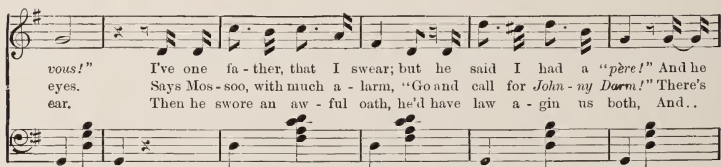
1. Well, I hap-pen'd to be born at the time they cut the corn, Quite con-
 2. "Mais oui!" Mos-soo would cry: "Well, of course you can," says I! Non!
 3. Oh! boys, there was the fun, you should see him when 'twas done; His



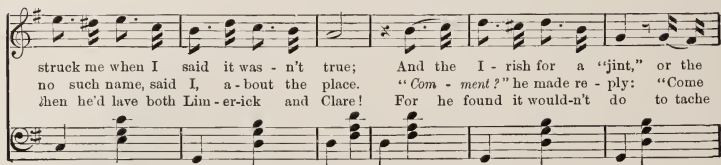
ta - gious to the town of Kil - la - loe; Where to tache us they'd a
 no—"I know," says I, with some sur-prise. When a boy straight up from
 eye - balls, one by one, did dis - ap - pear! And a doc - tor from the



schame, and a Frinch Mos-soo he came, To in - struct us in the game of "par - lez
 Clare, heard his moth - er call'd a "mère!" He... gave Mos-soo his fist be-tween the
 south, took some days to find his mouth, Which had some-how got con-cealed be - hind his



vous!" I've one fa - ther, that I swear; but he said I had a "père!" And he
 eyes. Says Mos-soo, with much a - larm, "Go and call for John - ny Darm!" There's
 ear. Then he swore an aw - ful oath, he'd have law a - gin us both, And..



struck me when I said it was - n't true; And the I - rish for a "jint," or the
 no such name, said I, a - bout the place. "Com - ment?" he made re - ply: "Come
 then he'd lave both Lim-er-ick and Clare! For he found it would-n't do to tache

Frinch for "half a pint," Faith we larnt it in the school at Kil - la - loe.
 on, yer-self," says I, And I scat - ter'd all the fea - tures of his face.
 Frinch in Kil - la - loe, Un - less he had a face or two to spare!

Chorus.

You may talk of Bo-ney - par - ty, You may talk a - bout E - car - té, Or a - ny oth - er

par - ty, And "com-ment vous por - tez vous?" We larnt to sing it ai - sy, That

rall. *a tempo.*
 song the Mar-sel - la - sy, Boo-long, Too-long, the con-ti-nong, We larnt at Kil - la - loe!....

4.

5.

To the Magistrate he wint, and a lot of time he spint, If disguises you would try, or would prove an alibi,
 Says the Magistrate, "Begorry I'm perplexed! Or alter your appearance just for fun;
 For a fellow who, you see, spells whiskey *O, D, V,* You've just one thing to do, go tache Frinch at Killaloe,
 You never know what he'll be up to next." And your mother will not know you for her son.
 Thin nothing more was said, Mossoo wint home to bed, Frinch may be very fine, it's no enemy of mine,
 And mixed no more in Killaloe affairs; But, as I think, you'll aisily suppose,
 And the papers of the place, said the Foreign tacher's Whatever tongue you take, it is mighty hard to spake
 face While your ear keeps changing places with your
 Was closed for alterations and repairs.—*Cho.* nose.—*Cho.*

Encore Verse.

Now I'm glad to find 'tis true, ye are plased with Killaloe:
 And our conduct to the tacher they did send;
 But I've tould you all that passed, so this verse must be the last,
 That's the reason I have left it to the end,
 We're all Irish tenants there, and we're all prepared to swear
 That to the Irish language we'll be true!
 But we all wid one consent, when they ax us for the rent,
 Sure we answer them in Frinch in Killaloe!

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

1. Come, land-lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come,

land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,

REFRAIN.

For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,

For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.

2 The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

3 The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober,—
Falls as the leaves do fall
So early in October.

4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth "half seas over,"
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

5 A pretty girl that gets a kiss,
And goes and tells her mother,
Does a very foolish thing,
And don't deserve another.

* Pitch in A \flat . Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.




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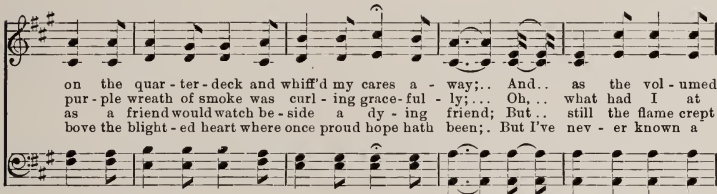
HOLDER HALL TOWER

MY LAST CIGAR.

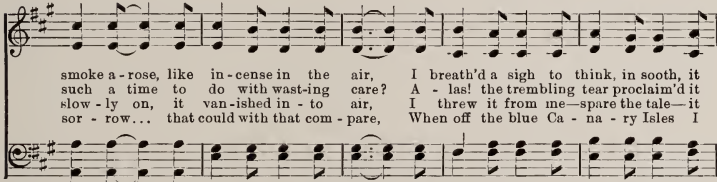
Mixed or * Male Voices.



1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, a glo - rious Sum - mer day, I sat up -
 2. I lean'd a - gainst the quar - ter rail, and look'd down in the sea, E'en there the
 3. I watch'd the ash - es, as it came fast draw - ing t'ward the end, I watch'd it
 4. I've seen the land of all I love fade in the dis - tance dim, I've watch'd a -

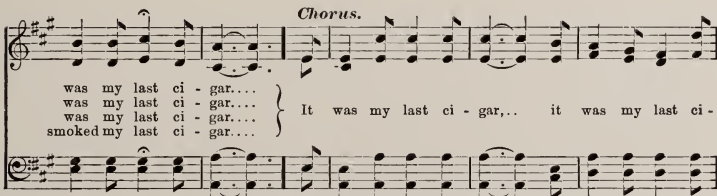


on the quar - ter - deck and whiff'd my cares a - way;.. And.. as the vol - umed
 pur - ple wreath of smoke was curl - ing grace - ful - ly;... Oh.. what had I at
 as a friend would watch be - side a dy - ing friend; But.. still the flame crept
 bove the blight - ed heart where once proud hope hath been;.. But I've nev - er known a



smoke a - rose, like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, it
 such a time to do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trembling tear proclaim'd it
 slow - ly on, it van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me - spare the tale - it
 sor - row... that could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles I

Chorus.



was my last ci - gar...
 was my last ci - gar...
 was my last ci - gar...
 smoked my last ci - gar... } It was my last ci - gar... it was my last ci -

ritard......



gar... I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, it was my last ci - gar!..

* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

PEANUTS.

Mixed Voices.

1. The man who has plen - ty of good pea - nuts, And giv - eth his neigh - bor none,

He shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts, When his pea - nuts are gone,

When his pea - nuts are gone..... When his pea - nuts are gone; He

Chorus.
shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts When his pea - nuts are gone. Oh! that will be

joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful; Oh! that will be joy - ful When his pea - nuts are gone.

2 The man that has plenty of good soft and sweet soda crackers, And giveth his neighbor none, etc.

3 The man that has plenty of good lonejack smoking tobacco, And giveth, etc.

4 The man that has plenty of stale old roasted chestnuts, And giveth, etc.

5 The man that has plenty of California, double-jointed, hump-backed peanuts, And giveth, etc.

6 The man that has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money, And giveth, etc.

7 The man that has plenty of Richmond straight cut cigarettes of delicate flavor and highest cost tobacco, And giveth, etc. 8. The man that has plenty of chestnuts, etc.

THE MERMAID.

Mixed or *Male Voices.

Moderato.

1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well-spoken man was he, I have

cap - tain spied a lovely mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
married me a wife in Sa - lem town, And to-night she a wid - ow will be.

CHORUS.

Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While
may blow,

we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, While the land - lub - bers

lie down be - low, be-low, be-low, While the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.

- 3 And up spake the cook of our gallant ship, And a fat old cook was he,
I care much more for my kettles and my pots, Than I do for the bottom of the sea.
4 Then three times round went our gallant ship, And three times round went she,
And three times round went our gallant ship, And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

* Soprano = 11. Tenor; Alto = 1. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Male Voices.

SERENADE.

p dolce.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon a - zure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

p *rall. ∞* *pp*

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She... sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She... sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

3 Wind of the summer night,
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light,
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4 Dreams of the summer night,
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumbers light
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

By permission of TAINTOR BROS.

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING.

Poco Allegro.

MANDALAY.

Music by DYNELEY PRINCE.

f

1. By the old Moulmein Pa - go - da, Look-in'
 2. When the mist was on the ricefields, An' the

pp

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By permission.

east-ward to the sea, There's a Bur-ma girl a-set-tin', An' I
sun was drop-pin' slow, She'd git 'er lit-tle ban-jo An' she'd

know she thinks o' me; For the wind is in the palm-trees, And the
sing "Kul-la-lo-lo!" With 'er arm up-on my shoul-der, An' 'er

rit. tem-ple-bells they say:- "Come you back, you Brit-ish sol-dier, Come you
cheek a-gin my cheek; We use-ter watch the steam-ers An' the

rit. *trem.* *a tempo.*

back to Man-da-lay! Come you back to Man-da-lay, Where the
ha-this pil-in' teak. E-le-phints a-pil-in' teak In the

old Flo-til - la lay: Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' From Rangoon to Man-da - lay?
slud-gy, squid-gy creek, Where the si-lence 'ung that 'eav-y You was 'arf a-fraid to speak!

Chorus.

On the road to Man - da - lay, Where the fly - in' - fish - es play, An' the

dawn comes up like thun - der, Out - er Chi - na, 'crost the Bay!

3 But that's all shove be'ind me—
Long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buss-s runnin'
From the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm leearnin' 'ere in London
What the ten-year soldier tells:—
'If you've 'eard the East a-callin',
You won't never 'eed naught else.'
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees,
An' the tinkly temple-bells.—*Cho.*

4 Ship me somewheres east of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Tea Commandments,
An' a man can't raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin',
An' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulin in Pagoda,
Looking lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings,
When we went to Mandalay!—*Cho.*

BONNIE.

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... My Bon - nie lies
 2. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,..... And blow, ye winds,
 3. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,.... The winds have blown

o - ver the sea;..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 o - ver the sea;..... Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 o - ver the sea;..... The winds have blown o - ver the

o - cean,..... Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.....
 o - cean,..... And bring back my Bon - nie to me.....
 o - cean,..... And brought back my Bon - nie to me.....

Chorus. For mixed or † male voices.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;

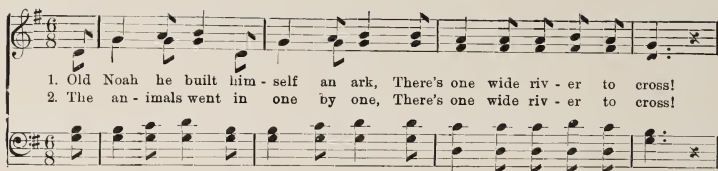
Bring back, bring back.— Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

* Accompaniment for piano or male voices, "Boom-la."

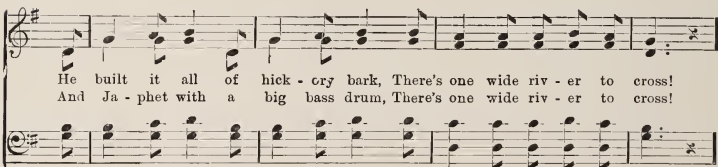
† Sop. = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.

NOAH'S ARK.

Mixed Voices.

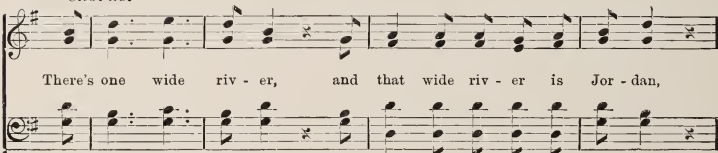


1. Old Noah he built him - self an ark, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 2. The an - imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv - er to cross!

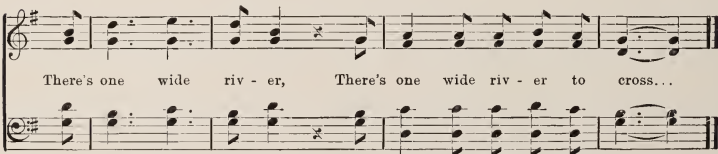


He built it all of hick - cry bark, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 And Ja - phet with a big bass drum, There's one wide riv - er to cross!

Chorus.



There's one wide riv - er, and that wide riv - er is Jor - dan,



There's one wide riv - er, There's one wide riv - er to cross...

- 3 The animals went in two by two,
The Elephant and the Kangaroo.
- 4 The animals went in three by three,
The Hippopotamus and the Bumble Bee.
- 5 The animals went in fives by fives,
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives.
- 6 And when he found he had no sail,
He just ran up his old coat tail.

- 7 And as they talked of this and that,
The ark it bumped on Arrarat.
- 8 Oh, Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk.
- 9 Oh, Noah, he went on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee.
- 10 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there ain't!

NUT BROWN MAIDEN.

Male Voices.

1. Nut brown maid - en, thou hast a bright blue eye for love,

Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye; A

bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!

Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love,

Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.

2 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a ruby lip;
 A ruby lip is thine, love!
 The kissing of it's mine, love!
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a ruby lip.

3 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a slender waist to clasp,
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a slender waist;
 A slender waist is thine, love!
 The arm around it's mine, love!
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a slender waist to clasp,
 Nut brown maiden,
 Thou hast a slender waist.

THE TWO ROSES.

Male Voices.

WERNER.

Andante. *cres.* *p*

mf 1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers, Filled with dew, in
fra-grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - ered two sweet flow - ers ;
Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

2 This in leaves of white arrayed,
Not a speck to dim them,
So I find the spotless mind
Which adorns my spotless maid,
Innocence's emblem.
Tell me, roses, etc.

3 Like her cheeks the blushing ray,
Which thy bud encloses ;
Brighter far than you they are ;
But her charms, if I should say,
You'd be jealous, roses.
Tell me, roses, etc.



LAKE CARNEGIE

PHOTO BY ROSE

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid - en fair; Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a - cross; Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

doo - dle all the day. My Sal - ly am a spun - ky girl, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day. With cur - ly eyes and laugh - ing hair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day. An' I jump'd up on a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss: Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

Fare thee well, fare thee well,

doo - dle all the day. } **Chorus.** Fare - well, fare - well, fare thee
 doo - dle all the day.
 doo - dle all the day.

well, my fair - y fay, For I'm going to Loui - si - a - na, For to

see my Su - sy - an - na, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day.

4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.—**CHO.**

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.—**CHO.**

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use:
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.—**CHO.**

7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough.
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.—**CHO.**
 And so on, *ad infn.*

* Soprano = I. Bass; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = II. Tenor.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?

Male Voices.

p

1. How can I leave thee? How can I from thee part? Thou on - ly
 2. Blue grows a flow - 'ret, Call'd the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
 3. If but a bird were I! Then thy breast I'd fly, Fal - con nor

p *p*

hast my heart, Lov'd one. be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine,
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and the hope may die,
 hawk I'd fear, If thou wert near. When by the fowl - er slain,

f *p poco rit.* *rit.* *dim.*

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
 Yet rich in love am I, That can - not die in me, On - ly be - lieve.
 I at thy feet shall lie, If sad - ly thou'dst complain, Joy - ful I'd die!

SWEET AND LOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

J. BARNBY.

pp Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;... Low, low, ...
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;.. Rest, rest on

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;... O - ver the roll - ing
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;.. Fa - ther will come to his

* For Male Voices: Pitch in G.

pp *f*

wa - - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - - ters go, Come from the moon and blow, babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

me, ... While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps, ...
moon, ... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep, ...

ANNIE LAURIE.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

Tenderly.

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her... face it
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like winds in

cres.

An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And...
sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

p

ne'er for - got will be, }
dark blue is her e'e, } And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd.. lay me doon and dees.
a' the world to me, }

THOU ART MY OWN LOVE.

Male Voices.

JOSEPH D. REDDING.

Male Voices.

ALL.

ALL.

Thou art my own love, be-lieve me, Prom-ise you ne'er will de-ceive me.

SOLO. SOLO.

Ah,..... would that thou wert mine! Cu-pid, thou art but a rov-er,

SOLO.

Seek-ing for ev-er Some fool-ish rogue of a lov-er, You will find him,

land,.....

accel. Nev-er fear. And oh, we'll dine on the fat of the land, O yes, we'll dine when

land,.....

we have mar-ried been, my love, When we have mar-ried been, my love, And oh, we'll

land,.....

ritard. dine on the fat of the land, O yes, we'll dine when we have mar-ried been.

land,.....

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THE UNIVERSITY BOATHOUSE, LAKE CARNEGIE

PHOTO BY ROSE

THE THREE CROWS.

Mixed or * Male Voices.

1. There were three crows sat on a tree,
 2. Said one black crow un-to his mate,
 3. There lies a horse on yon-der plain,
 4. We'll perch up-on his bare breast-bone,

O Bil-ly Ma-gee, Ma-gaw!.....

There
Said
There
We'll

Bil-ly Ma-gee!

were three crows sat on a tree,
 one black crow un-to his mate,
 lies a horse on yon-der plain,
 perch up-on his bare breast-bone,

O Bil-ly Ma-gee, Ma-gaw!.....

There
Said
There
We'll

Bil-ly Ma-gee!

were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be;
 one black crow un-to his mate, Where can we get some grub to ate?
 lies a horse on yon-der plain, Whose bod-y hath been late-ly slain:
 perch up-on his bare breast-bone, And pick his eyes out one by one.

† Caw! (spoken) Caw! Caw!

And they all flapped their wings and cried, Bil-ly Ma-gee, Ma-gaw!

And they all flapped their wings and cried, Bil-ly Ma-gee, Ma-gaw!

* Soprano = II. Tenor; Alto = I. Tenor (actual pitch); Tenor = I. Bass.
 † In 2d & 4th verses.

TARPAULIN JACKET.

ARTHUR NASH.

Mixed or Male Voices.

Old English.

I. BASS.
I. TENOR.
(Actual pitch.)

1. Wrap me up in a tarpaulin jacket, . . . To
2. Then get six jolly, loyal fore-top men, . . . With a
3. Then two white holly tab-lets obtain, sir, . . . At my

II. TENOR.
II. BASS.

speed a poor duffer be-low; . . . Bid six jolly sail-or-men
rol-lick-ing, royal yo-ho, . . . To drink down a six-gallon
head and my feet to be-stow, . . . And chisel up-on them this

ritard.

bear me, . . . With a step so-ber, meas-ured, and slow. . .
grog, sin, . . . To the health of the duffer be-low! . . .
line, sir, . . . "To the jolly poor duffer be-low!" . . .

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Male Voices.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er be-fall me,
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee: With spear and pen-non glancing,
3. I think of thee with long-ing, Think thou when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing,



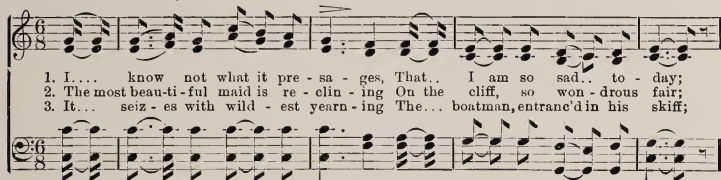
I go where honor calls me.
I see the foe advancing. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
I'll whisper soft when dying:

THE LORELEY.

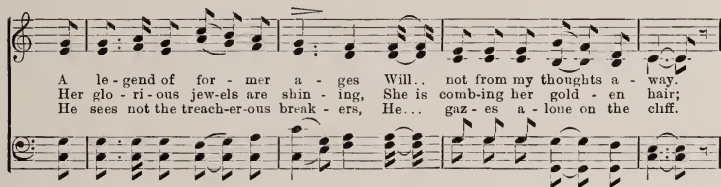
Mixed Voices.

From the German by HEINRICH HEINE.

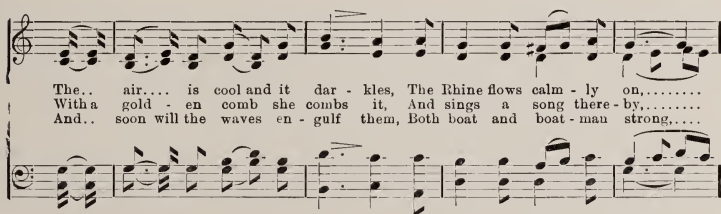
F. SILCHER.




1. I... know not what it pre - sa - ges, That.. I am so sad.. to - day;
2. The most beau-ti-ful maid is re - clin - ing On the cliff, so won - drous fair;
3. It... seiz - es with wild - est yearn - ing The... boatman, entranc'd in his skiff;



A le - gend of for - mer a - ges Will.. not from my thoughts a - way.
Her glo - ri - ous jew - els are shin - ing, She is comb - ing her gold - en hair;
He sees not the treach - er - ous break - ers, He... gaz - es a - lone on the cliff.



The.. air... is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on,.....
With a gold - en comb she combs it, And sings a song there - by,.....
And.. soon will the waves en - gulf them, Both boat and boat - man strong,....



The peak of the moun - tain spar - kles In the glow of the eve - ning sun.
That thrills with its mys - tic mean - ing And.. pow - er - ful mel - o - dy.
For thus in her toils hath she bound them, The.. Lore - ley with her song.

RIG-A-JIG.

Male Voices.

Presto.

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigho, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, A
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigho, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Said
3. The pret - tiest girl I ev - er saw, Heigho, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Was

pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.
she to me, "I'm a weav - er's maid," heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.
suck - ing ci - der through a straw, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go,

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

THE DARTMOUTH SONG.

Mixed or Male Voices.

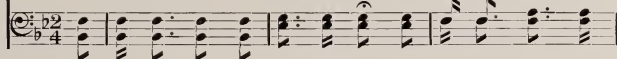
Music by W. B. SEGER, '92.

II. TENOR.
I. TENOR.
(Actual pitch.)



1. Come, fel-lows, let us raise a song, And sing it loud and
2. Let ev-'ry care be now with-drawn, While this our song we
3. What-ev-er bat-tles we may meet, In cour-age, brawn, or
4. Thy name we'll cher-ish all our lives, Thy hon-or we'll up-

I. BASS.
II. BASS.



clear; Our Al-ma Ma-ter is our theme, Old Dart-mouth, loved and dear.
raise: From Fresh-man gay to Sen-ior grave, For Dart-mouth and her praise.
brain, The world will nev-er have to call On Dart-mouth men in vain.
hold; And wish that we were back a-gain, With-in thy clas-sic fold.

Chorus.

Dart-mouth! Dart-mouth! Chal-lenge thus we fling! Dart-mouth! Dart-mouth! Hear the ech-oes

ring! . . Thy hon-or shall be ev-er dear, Old Dart-mouth green with-

out a peer, As long as we can give a cheer For Dartmouth! Wah-hoo-wah!

* In singing the Chorus after the last stanza, the College yell should be given in place of the starred chords in the last measure but one, ending the final letter of the Tiger on the last chord.

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DEAR OLD YALE.

Words by H. S. DURAND, '81.

Male Voices.

Die Wacht am Rhein.
Music by CARL WILHELM.

1. Bright col - lege years, with pleas - ure rife, The short - est, glad - dest years of life, How

swift - ly are ye glid - ing by, Oh, why doth time so quick - ly fly! The

sea - sons come, the sea - sons go, The earth is green, or white with snow, But time and

To break, to break the friend - ships
change... shall naught a - void To break the friend - ships formed at Yale.

2 We all must leave this college home,
About the stormy world to roam;
But though the mighty ocean's tide
Should us from dear old Yale divide,
As round the oak the ivy twines
The clinging tendrils of its vines,
So are our hearts close bound to Yale
By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.

3 In after-life, should troubles rise
No cloud the blue of sunny skies,
Flow bright will seem, thro' memory's haze,
The happy, golden, bygone days!
Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watch-ery be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."

* Mixed voice arrangement, p. 164.

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FAIR HARVARD.

Mixed or Male Voices.*

1. Fair... Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju-bi-lee throng, And with bless-ings sur-ren-der thee o'er,
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fan-tile years,

By these fes-ti-val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be-fore.
When our fa-thers had warned, and our mothers had prayed, And our sis-ters had blest, thro' their tears;

O rel-ic and type of our an-ces-tors' worth, That has long kept their mem-o-ry warm,
Thou then wert our pa-rent, the nurse of our souls, We were mould-ed to man-hood by thee,

First... flow'r of their wil-der-ness! star of their night, Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm!
Till freighted with treasure—tho'ts, friendships and hopes, Thou did'st launch us on Des-ti-ny's sea.

3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

* When used for Male Voices, pitch in F or G: Soprano = I. Tenor; Alto = I. Bass; Tenor = II. Tenor; Bass = II. Bass. Sing lower octave ad lib.

HAIL, PENNSYLVANIA.

Words by EDGAR M. DILLEY, '97.

Music by ALEXIS LVOFF.

1. Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a! No - ble and strong; To thee with
 2. Ma - jes - ty as a crown Rests on thy brow; Pride, Hon - or,
 3. Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a! Guide of our youth; Lead thou thy

loy - al hearts We raise our song. Swell - ing to Heav - en loud,
 Glo - ry, Love, Be - fore thee bow. Ne'er can thy Spir - it die,
 chil - dren on To light and truth; Thee, when death sum - mons us,

Our . . prais - es ring; Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a, Of thee we sing!
 Thy . . walls de - cay; Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a, For thee we pray!
 Oth - ers shall praise, Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a, Thro' end - less days!

Sva.

Words used by permission of Dr. EDGAR F. SMITH.

SANS SOUCI.—COLUMBIA.

PERCY FRIDENBERG, '86.

Arr. by L. M. BINGHAM, '00.

1. What if to - mor - row bring Sor - row or an - y - thing Oth - er than joy?
 2. Out on life's storm - y sea All of us soon may be, Far, far a - way.
 3. One last toast e'er we part! Writ - ten on ev - 'ry heart This mot - to stay—

What if't be win - try chill, Rain, storm, or sum - mer's thrill, To - mor - row's the fu - ture still;
 Still hold your glass - es high, Here's to youth while it's nigh! Though we to - mor - row die,
 "Long may Co - lum - bia stand Hon - or'd through - out the land, Our Al - ma Ma - ter grand,

This is to - day! To - mor - row's the fu - ture still; This is to - day!
 This is to - day! Though we to - mor - row die, This is to - day!
 Now and for aye! Our Al - ma Ma - ter grand, Now and for aye!"

ALMA MATER — CORNELL.

Words by W. M. SMITH.
and A. C. WEEKS.

Mixed or Male Voices.

Tune—ANNIE LISLE.

II. TENOR.
I. TENOR.
(Actual pitch.)



1. Far a - bove Cay - u - ga's wa - ters, With its waves of blue,
2. Sen - try-like o'er lake and val - ley Towers her re - gal form,
3. To the glo - ry of her Foun - der Rise her state - ly walls:

I. BASS.
II. BASS.



Stands our no - ble Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - ri - ous to view.
Watch and ward for - ev - er keep - ing, Brav - ing time and storm.
May her sons pay e - qual trib - ute Wher - e'er du - ty calls.



Lift the cho - rus, speed it on - ward, Loud her prais - es tell;
So through clouds of doubt and dark - ness Gleams her bea - con light,
When with mo - ments swift - ly fleet - ing A - ges roll be - tween,



Hail to thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail, all hail, Cor - nell!
Fault and Er - ror clear re - veal - ing, Blaz - ing forth the Right.
Man - y yet un - born shall hail her: Al - ma Ma - ter, Queen!



4 In the music of the waters,
As they glide along;
In the murmur of the breezes,
With their whispered song;
In the tuneful chorus blending
With each pealing bell,
One refrain seems oft repeated:
"Hail, all hail, Cornell!"

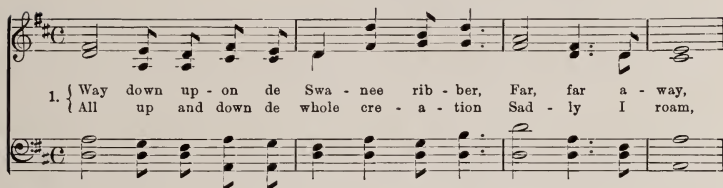
5 Here, by flood and foaming torrent,
Gorge and rocky dell,
Pledge we faith and homage ever
To our loved Cornell.
May time ne'er efface the memory
Of her natal day,
And her name and fame be honored,
Far and wide away.

Melody used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, owners of the copyright. Arrangement used by permission of B. F. LENT.

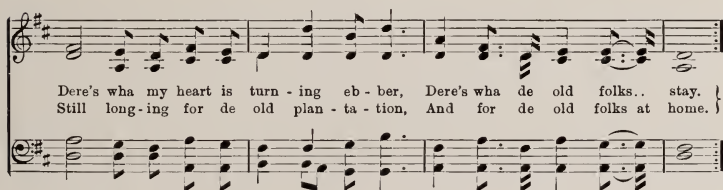
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Mixed Voices.

Written and Composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

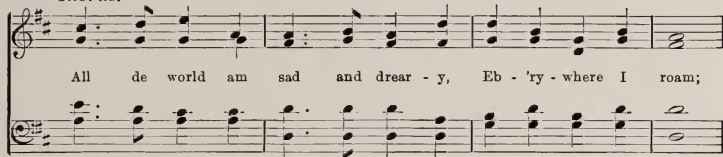


1. { Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,

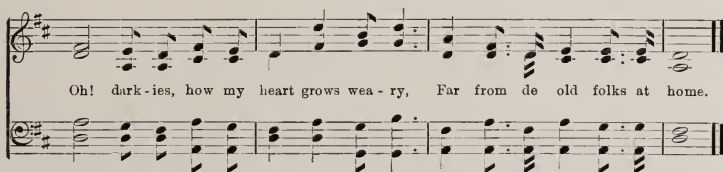


Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks.. stay. {
Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. }

Chorus.



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I roam;



Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

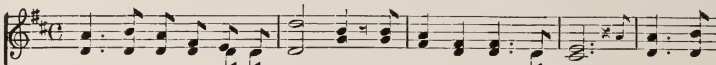
2 All 'round de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brudder,
Happy was I;
O! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.—Cho.

3 One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?—Cho.

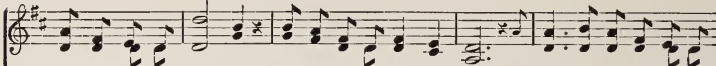
MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Mixed Voices.

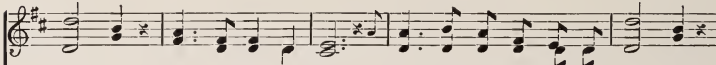
Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Round de meadows am a - ring - ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas - sa make de dark-eyes love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

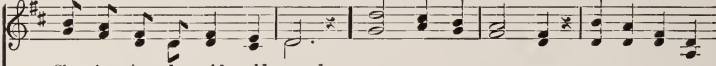


mock-ing-bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
hear old Mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now, de orange-tree am
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be-fore to -

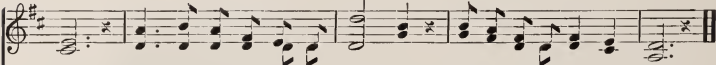


creep - ing O'er de grass-y mound, Dere old Mas-sa am a - sleep - ing,
bloom - ing On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
mor - row, Cayse de tear-drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

Chorus.



Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more. } Down in de corn - field Hear dat mournful
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.



sound: All de dark-eyes am a - weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Mixed Voices.

Written and Composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends

from the cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,

Chorus.

I hear their gen-tle voic-es calling, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-in', I'm com-in',
I'm com-in', I'm com-in',

For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

2 Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again:
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
Cho.—I'm comin', etc.

3 Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
Cho.—I'm comin', etc.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

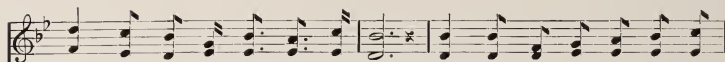
Mixed or Male Voices.

II. TENOR.
I. TENOR.
(Actual pitch.)

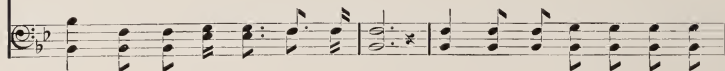


1. Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - in',
2. Now I'se un - hap - py and I'se weep - in';

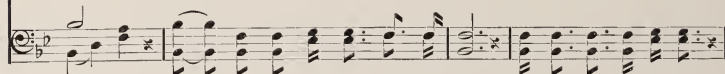
I. BASS.
II. BASS.



Long time I trab - bel o'er de way; All night de cot - ton - wood I'se
Can't tote de cot - ton - wood no more. Last night when Nel - ly was a



tot - in', Sing-in' for my true lub all de day. Nel - ly was a la - dy,
sleep - in', Death came a knock-in' at de door. Nel - ly was a la - dy,



last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - ia bride.



WAY DOWN YONDUH IN DE CAWNFIEL'.

Male Voices.

Chorus. MELODY IN 2D TENOR.

SOLO. *Briskly.*

1. Oh some folks say dat a nig-guh won' steal, Way down yon-duh in de
 2. Oh one had a rake and' de ud-duh had a hoe,

SOLO.

cawn - fiel', But I foun' two in my cawn - fiel', Way down yon-duh in de
 If dat ain' steal - in' I don' know,

cawn - fiel', An' it's A - men, shine on, Way down yon-duh in de cawn - fiel'.



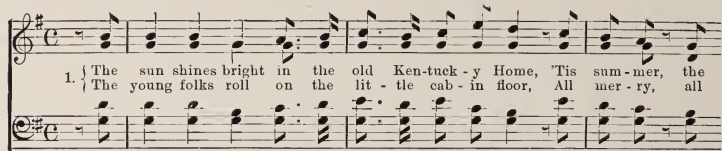
LAKE CARNEGIE

PHOTO BY ROSE

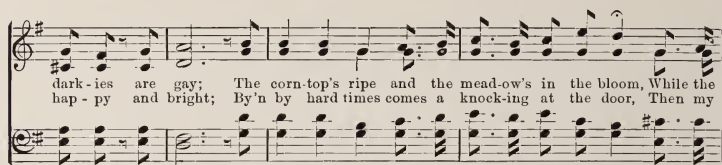
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

Mixed Voices.

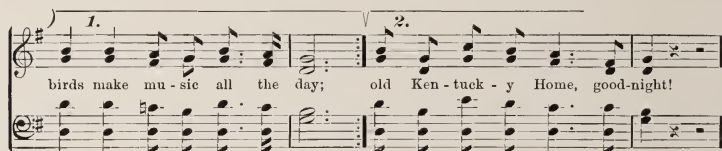
Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y Home, 'Tis sum-mer, the young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all

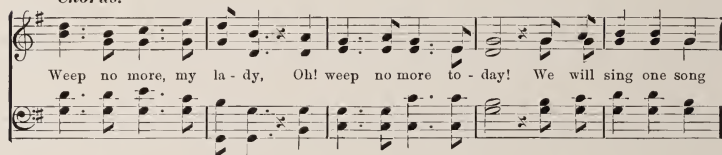


dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my

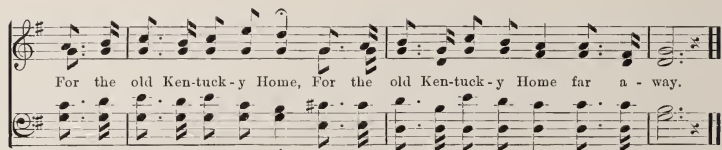


1. birds make mu-sic all the day; old Ken-tuck-y Home, good-night!

Chorus.



Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song



For the old Ken-tuck-y Home, For the old Ken-tuck-y Home far a-way.

- 2 They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, 3 The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore; Wherever the darkey may go;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, A few more days and the trouble all will end
 On the bench by the old cabin door; In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, A few more days for to tote the weary load,
 With sorrow where all was delight; No matter, 'twill never be light;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part, A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night. Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night.

Cho.—Weep no more, etc.

Cho.—Weep no more, etc.



SHORE VIEW OF LAKE CARNEGIE

PHOTO BY ROSE

LA MARSEILLAISE.

(According to the official French edition.)

English version by Dr. TH. BAKER.

Male Voices.

ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

Allegro maestoso.

I. TENOR (melody). *ff*

1. A - rise, ye chil-dren of the na - tion! The day of glo - ry now be - hold!
 2. What will this horde of ser - vile trai - tors, Of kings our down-fall who have sworn?

II. TENOR. *ff*

1. A - rise, ye chil-dren of the na - tion! The day of glo - ry now he - hold!
 2. What will this horde of ser - vile trai - tors, Of kings our down-fall who have sworn?

I. BASS. *ff*

1. A - rise, ye chil-dren of the na - tion! The day of glo - ry now be - hold!
 2. What will this horde of ser - vile trai - tors, Of kings our down-fall who have sworn?

II. BASS. *ff*

1. A - rise, ye chil-dren of the na - tion! The day of glo - ry now be - hold!
 2. What will this horde of ser - vile trai - tors, Of kings our down-fall who have sworn?

In our fac - es cru - el Op - pres - sion Doth her blood - y ban - ner un - fold!...
 By..... whom shall these an - cient fet - ters, These de - fil - ing chains now he worn?..

In our fac - es cru - el Op - pres - sion Doth her blood - y ban - ner un - fold!...
 By..... whom shall these an - cient fet - ters, These de - fil - ing chains now he worn?..

In our fac - es cru - el Op - pres - sion Doth her blood - y han - ner un - fold!...
 By..... whom shall these an - cient fet - ters, These de - fil - ing chains now be worn?..

In our fac - es cru - el Op - pres - sion Doth her blood - y ban - ner un - fold!...
 By..... whom shall these an - cient fet - ters, These de - fil - ing chains now be worn?..

Doth her blood - y ban - ner un - fold! Do ye not hear? Hark! how her min - ions Roar,
These de - fil - ing chains now be worn? They are for us! Oh, what pol - lu - tion! What

Doth her blood - y ban - ner un - fold! Do ye not hear? Hark! how her min - ions Roar, while
These de - fil - ing chains now be worn? They are for us! Oh, what pol - lu - tion! What

Doth her blood - y ban - ner un - fold! Do ye not hear! Hark! how her min - ions Roar,
These de - fil - ing chains now be worn? They are for us! Oh, what pol - lu - tion! What

Doth her blood - y ban - ner un - fold! Do ye not hear? Hark! how her min - ions Roar,
These de - fil - ing chains now be worn? They are for us! Oh, what pol - lu - tion! What

while thro' your val - leys they roam!.. They en - ter now your ver - y home, To de -
pas - sion their view must in - flame!.. 'Tis we whom they would dare to shame, And en -

thro' your val - leys they roam! They en - ter now..... your ver - y home, To de -
pas - sion their view must in - flame! 'Tis we whom they..... would dare to shame, And en -

while thro' your val - leys they roam! They en - ter now..... your ver - y home, To de -
pas - sion their view must in - flame! 'Tis we whom they..... would dare to shame, And en -

while thro' your val - leys they roam! They en - ter now your ver - y home, To de -
pas - sion their view must in - flame! 'Tis we whom they would dare to shame, And en -

stroy your sons, your com-pan-ions!
slave with new per-se-cu-tion! } 1-2. To arms,..... ye free-men all! Fall

stroy your sons, your com-pan-ions!
slave with new per-se-cu-tion! } 1-2. To arms,..... ye free-men all! Fall

stroy your sons, your com-pan-ions!
slave with new per-se-cu-tion! } 1-2. To arms,..... to arms, ye free-men all! Fall in,

stroy your sons, your com-pan-ions!
slave with new per-se-cu-tion! } 1-2. To arms, ye free-men all! Fall

in,..... in rank and file!..... March on! March

in,..... in rank and file!..... March on! March

..... Fall in, in rank and file! March on!..... March on!.....

in, in rank and file, in rank and file!..... March on! March

on! May their vile blood..... Be-drench..... our na-tive soil! To soil!

on! May their vile blood Bedrench, be-drench..... our na-tive soil! To soil!

..... March on!.. May their vile blood Bedrench, be-drench..... our na-tive soil! To arms! soil!

on!..... May their vile blood..... Be-drench our na-tive soil! To soil!

DIXIE LAND.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Music by DAN EMMETT.

mf Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry. "Will de wea-ber," Wil-lium was a
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's cleab-er, But dat did not

not for-got-ten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie
 gay de-ceab-er; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie
 seem to greab'er; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie

Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one
 Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er, He smiled as fierce as a
 Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed de fool-ish part, And died for a man dat

fros - ty morn-in', Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 for - ty-pound-er, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 broke her heart, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

Chorus. (For mixed or male voices.)

II. TENOR.
 I. TENOR.
 (Actual pitch.) Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In
 I. BASS.
 II. BASS.

Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie; A - way, a - way,

A - way down south in Dix - ie. A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! etc.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

For Solo and Chorus (Mixed or Male Voices).

Written and composed by DAVID T. SHAW.

Maestoso.

1. O Co - lum - bial the gem of the o - cean, The
 2. When . . . war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And
 3. The . . . wine cup, the wine cup bring hith - er, And

home of the brave and the free, . The shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo - tion,
 threatened the land to de - form, . The ark then of free-dom's foun - da - tion,
 fill you it true to the brim; May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er,

A . world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy man - dates make he - roes as -
 Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -
 Nor the star of their glo - ry grow dim; May ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er

sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
 round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew; With her
 sev - er, But they to their col - ors prove true! The

ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, — The boast of the red, white and blue.
 ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, — Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Chorus.

II. TENOR.
 I. TENOR.
 (Actual pitch.)

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and

I. BASS.
 II. BASS.

blue, Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 blue, With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 blue! The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

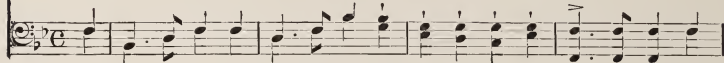
Mixed Voices.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

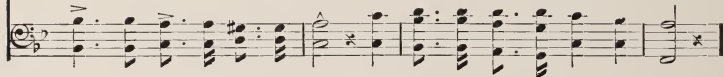
CARL WILHELM.



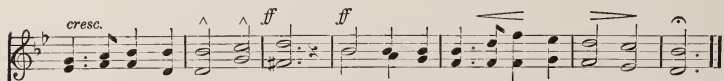
1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don-ner-hall, Wie Schwert-ge-klirr und Wo - gen prall: Zum
 2. Durch Hun-dert-tau-send zuckt es schnell, Und al - ler Au - gen bli - tzen hell: Der
 3. Er blickt hin-auf in Him-mels-au'n, Da Hel-den - vä - ter nie - der-schau'n, Und
 4. So lang' ein Tro-pfen Blut noch glüht, Noch ei - ne Faust den De - gen zieht, Und
 5. Der Schwur er-schallt, die Wo - ge rinnt, Die Fah-nen flat-tern hoch im Wind: Am



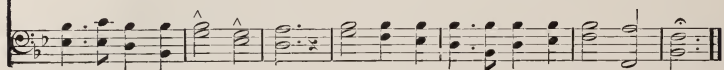
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deut-schen Rhein! Wer will des Stro-mes Hü - ter sein!
 Deut - sche, bie - der, fromm und stark, Be - schützt die heil' - ge Lan - des - mark.
 schwört mit stol - zer Kam-pfes-lust: „Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie mei - ne Brust!“
 noch ein Arm die Büch - se spannt, Be - tritt kein Feind hier dei - nen Strand!
 Rhein, am Rhein, am deut-schen Rhein, Wir al - le wol - len Hü - ter sein!



1-5. Lieb Va - ter-land, magst ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - ter-land, magst ru - hig sein: Fest steht und



1-5. treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

Mixed Voices.

Music by Dr. SAMUEL ARNOLD.

1. Oh... say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. And... where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
 4. Oh... thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd home and wild

twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we
 si - lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it fit - ful-ly
 bat - tle's con - fu-sion, A.... home and a coun-try should leave us no more! Their blood has wash'd
 war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath

watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing! And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
 blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clo-ses! Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
 out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No... ref-uge could save... the hireling and slave From the
 made and pre-serv'd us a na-tion! Then... con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

Chorus. f
 proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh... say, does that star-span-gled
 glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner: oh,
 ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
 this be our mot-to: "In.... God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in

cres. ff
 ban-ner yet wave O'er the land.. of the free, and the home of the brave!
 long may it wave }
 tri - umph doth wave } O'er the land.. of the free, and the home of the brave.
 tri - umph shall wave }

AMERICA.

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

Mixed Voices.

H. CAREY, 1743.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



GRADUATE SCHOOL

PHOTO BY ROSE

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